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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1905.

The Week.

Senator Lodge and other apologists for the Senate's attitude on the arbitration treaties evade the point of the discussion. Nobody questions the Constitutional right of the Senate to declare each subsidiary "agreement" under a general convention a separate "treaty." Nor is it doubtful that the Senate may, if it wish, so modify and mangle every diplomatic proposal of the Executive that treaty-making may become almost impossible. The real question is, Will the Senate exercise its powers in a way to facilitate or to impede public business? For the balance established by the Constitution between the initiative of the Executive and the consent of the Senate in treaty relations depends for its working well upon mutual consideration and good feeling. A President who pelted the Senate with obviously crude and injurious treaties would discredit that function of government. And a Senate which examines all treaties, not on their merits, but captiously with a view to asserting its own powers, has actually crippled our diplomacy. The Senate had a right to assert its jurisdiction over every most minute implication of a comprehensive treaty, but it had not only the right but the duty to delegate to the President the powers necessary to execute a needful instrument.

The principle of comity involved is clearly illustrated in Senator Lodge's maladroit citation of the powers of foreign parliaments over treaties; for the European States which require confirmation of treaties by the legislative branch display precisely that wise passiveness on the part of the referee for which we are pleading. There is almost a universal practice of prompt confirmation of non-commercial treaties, and with a minimum of discussion. That is, European bodies with the power of our Senate as a matter of course give full faith and credence to the Executive in its diplomatic capacity. These relations of comity, which are broken only in the rarest instances, arise out of the conviction that international business can be conducted on no other basis. There remains always the power of veto as a possible check upon a rash Ministry; but, short of such emergency, the confirmatory vote is given as a matter of routine and of loyalty to a coördinate branch of government. How damaging Senator Lodge's parallel with European parliaments really is to the Senate will be realized when one recalls that it is getting to be difficult to get any treaty through at all at Washington; almost unheard of to pass one in its original form. In fine, the Senate lies under just reproach, not for exceeding its Constitutional prerogative, but for gross misuse of its admitted powers.

"Irish Citizens Applaud the Senate." This is the headline which the *Gaelic American* of February 18 places over its account of the meeting of the United Irish Societies. Resolutions were there passed strongly approving the Senate for defeating the arbitration treaties, and denouncing Secretary Hay for trying to "force" them upon the country. For President Roosevelt the feeling of the meeting was one of "respect, but pity." He is "personally very popular with Irish citizens," and it was only to be regretted that he had "completely fallen under the domination of Secretary Hay." The *Gaelic American* further makes public a bit of secret history. It seems to us to demand attention from an exalted personage, or at least from some semi-official friend of his. Here it is (the italics are ours):

> "One speaker recalled the fact that when a committee of Irish citizens waited on Mr. Roosevelt in 1897 to ask him to speak at a meeting at the Cooper Institute to protest against the arbitration treaty with England, then before the Senate, he had, while declining to make a speech, expressed his *strong sympathy* with their opposition, and said he *hoped they would succeed*. His reason for declining to make a speech was that he did not want to publicly antagonize his own party, but he said he was *against arbitration between nations*, and believed that nations which were too long at peace *got rusty and enervated*. He believed in a strong navy and hoped to live to see one that would be able to *beat England on the sea*. The extraordinary change in Mr. Roosevelt's attitude since then was attributed to the malign influence of John Hay."

The San Domingo treaty cannot be acted upon at the present session, for want of time. When it comes up at the extra session next month the probability of radical amendment of it is reported to be great. Certainly, some of the clauses look as if a coach and four had already been driven through them, so loosely drawn are they. As for the treaty's great merit in "defining the Monroe Doctrine," concerning which there is such a flourish, that is a thing from which the most ardent Monroe Doctrinaire might well draw back. Precisely in its vagueness lie the strength and convenience of the Doctrine. It is the *ignotum* in it which terrifies. If we begin to "define" it, and bring it out of the mysterious darkness into the light of common day, we but shear our Samson. No, the only thing to do with the Doctrine is to leave it undefined; and the safe course for the President is to say of it, as the old Scotch woman did of the Solemn League and Covenant, "I dinna ken what it is, but I'll mainteen 't."

It is an unpleasant, but an extremely useful, function which Mr. Littlefield is discharging in pointing out to Congress at intervals what the consequences of its policies are likely to be. Twice at this session he has risen in his place to go through the comparatively simple problem of addition and subtraction by which one ascertains how large the deficit threatens to be. His speech last week on the logical outcome of the "big-stick" policy was an equally needed warning. In expressing his fear that this country may become "a minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary for the money changers of Europe as guaranteeing the inviolability of the republics," the Maine Congressman has put into epigram the sound American argument against the attitude we are asked to assume toward the creditors of our southern neighbors. Mr. Littlefield's remarks were made in the course of debate on a naval appropriation bill of $100,070,079, the largest ever reported. To attack specific items must necessarily be the parliamentary procedure of the opponents of naval increase, but behind these tactics remains the greater question of what we propose to do with a huge navy when we have it.

Our Spanish Claims Commission bids fair to rival the almost incredible story of the French claims, on the score both of delay and injustice. Up to date, it has made awards in but three claims, amounting to $13,000. Meanwhile, the Commission itself has cost the Government, since its creation in March, 1901, only about $516,000, in salaries and expenses. This is a pretty sad record of inefficiency. At this rate, it will take the Commission some 500 years to pass upon all the claims before it. In any case, the claimants and many of their heirs will have died before they see the color of their money. Yet we went to war with Spain partly on account of these just claims of our citizens, and in the Treaty of Paris solemnly undertook to liquidate them.

Under a recent decision of the Attorney-General, the Treasury Department was authorized to apply the drawback clause of the Dingley act to wheat imported for reëxportation as flour. But this alteration of a tariff schedule by executive decree is naturally abhorrent to standpatters in Congress, and Senator Hansbrough last week proposed, and the Senate adopted, an amendment formally prohibiting such application of the drawback clause. This served notice on Mr.

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Roosevelt that, if he is indeed zealous for tariff reform, he may as well face the issue squarely, and direct his attack upon the protectionist centre. It is evident that the Senate will give no countenance to slight incidental modifications of the schedules either by Treasury interpretation or by arbitration treaty. For those who desire genuine tariff revision, then, it is emphatically a case of going the whole hog. Time spent on indirect tariff reduction, excellent as such proposals may be in themselves, is as good as wasted. The standpatters are the enemy not only of the tariff-for-revenue men, but of the liberal branch of their own party. They may be crushed; they can hardly be outmanœuvred.

The House, meantime, has "asserted itself" against the pretensions of the Senate, on the ground that the Hansbrough amendment interfered with the House's Constitutional prerogative of initiating revenue measures. Senators, we think, might easily have shown how many times the House has meekly lain down under worse infringements of that principle. Granting the Senate the right to amend revenue bills—and this is all that is now claimed—it can make over, as it has done again and again, revenue bills, tariff measures, appropriations, until the House is not able to recognize its own children. The truth seems to be that Speaker Cannon and his lieutenants are very nervous about the decline of the House's prestige, but do not quite know what is to be done to restore it. A much surer means than they are now trying is open to them. Let them revive something of the deliberative quality; let the Representatives refuse to bolt raw masses of legislation, like the railway-rate bill, which they swallowed whole, ostentatiously pointing everybody to the Senate as the place where the measure was to be really digested. The way truly to assert the law-making power is to make laws, not to crowd foolish and crude bills through as if glad to shirk a job too difficult for them. However, the Senate promptly backed down, upon some division of opinion in its own ranks, and the Hansbrough amendment was cast out.

"An ecclesiastical lobby" is the term which Dr. Lyman Abbott applied to the influences behind the President's diversion of Indian trust funds to the support of Catholic mission schools. Cardinal Gibbons has denied that the most active advocate of the claims of the Catholics, Dr. E. L. Scharf, was an accredited agent of the Church; and it is, of course, absurd to suppose that the Church would ever give him formal authority to speak for it. But the statements of Senator Thomas R. Bard of California and Representative John H. Stephens of Texas, and the admissions of Dr. Scharf himself, have already made it clear that the latter's representations carried great weight. He offered, in return for favors to Catholic institutions, the good will of leading Catholics in various parts of the country. The *Evening Post* printed on Friday further evidence as to Dr. Scharf's method of operation: the tabulation of the vote in twenty doubtful districts in which the Catholics had considerable strength; the names of prominent Catholics in one of the California districts in which Senator Bard should have taken an interest; and the circular bearing Dr. Scharf's name which was circulated in support of Representative Babcock. If this last document be a cunning forgery by enemies of Dr. Scharf, he must admit that they worked along lines which he himself marked out. President Roosevelt cannot have known of the machinations lying back of the petitions for the diversion of trust funds; but Senator Aldrich and others who took a hand in the affair are not supposed to be as innocent as babes.

The Missouri Senatorial deadlock is evidently one that could be broken by the election of some other Republican than either Mr. Niedringhaus or Mr. Kerens. No such figure is yet even on the horizon, though Republican organs and politicians continue to urge the Legislature to elect somebody, if only to save the good name of the State. The situation of this "redeemed" commonwealth is in several respects extremely awkward. If the Legislature adjourns this year without a choice, it means a vacancy in the upper house at Washington for two years, since the Democratic Governor will certainly not call a special session for the sole purpose of choosing a Republican Senator. Then, in the election of 1906, the Senatorial issue could not be suppressed. As a Republican remarks in an interesting letter to the Kansas City *Star*, it would "centre about the question, 'Cockrell or not Cockrell?' Everybody knows what that means—it would be Cockrell, and goodbye to the Republican strength in Missouri. On that straight issue Democrats in every county—candidates for the Legislature and for county offices down to constable—would hang on to that fine old statesman's coat-tails, and he would pull nearly every one of them into office." The advocates of the popular election of Senators are not likely to find a better case for their argument than this. It can hardly be doubted that the people of Missouri would like to have Cockrell remain Senator. If they had had the chance, thousands of Roosevelt supporters would have split their tickets to vote for him, as they did to vote for Folk. As it is, some of the Republicans are already reported to be saying that it would be better for them to elect Mr. Cockrell outright and then make the next campaign on purely State issues, than to go down in certain defeat should the choice of the next Legislature hinge upon his return to the Senate.

One renegade citizen of the South has been caught up with. This man, a member of the merchant class of Cordova, S. C., so far forgot himself and his duty to the white race as actually to address a negro school, the Prince Institute. Naturally, the publication of this fact made every reputable white man shudder. The resultant outcry was so great that the offender, one Julian M. Smoak, confessed and published his apology in the Orangeburg, S. C., *Evening News*. Here it is:

> "I had left my place of business here on a business trip a few miles below; on returning I came by the above-named school and was held up by the teacher and begged to make a few remarks to the children. Very reluctantly I did so, not thinking that publicity would be given to it or that I was doing anything that would offend any one. I wish to say here and now that I am heartily sorry for what I did, and I hope after this humble confession and expression of regret that all whom I may have offended will forgive me."

We hope not. There are some offences quite beyond the pale. Other merchants of Cordova, P. B. Sanders, P. O. Smoak, and Smoak Brothers, evidently feel as we do, for they have published a card announcing that J. M. Smoak was the only white person who entered the school, and saying that they "are as anxious to see the colored race elevated as any people, but by all means let it be done inside the color line." Precisely.

Senator Raines's bill permitting women taxpayers in cities of the third class to vote on propositions involving the raising of a tax, aims at an act of simple justice. Women taxpayers already have this right in towns and villages of this State, under the law of 1901; they also have it in a number of the third-class cities. The Raines bill would therefore merely equalize the status of all women taxpayers in third-class cities—that is, in those whose population is under 50,000. As matters now stand, a woman owning property in both a third-class city and in a village can vote in the latter, but may be without any voice in the former. Most of the charters of the third-class cities give women the suffrage on tax-raising propositions as "residents," but in some cases they have been prevented from voting on the absurd ground that women, although taxpayers for many years and dwellers in their own homes, were not "residents" in the ordinary sense of the word! Naturally, there have been protests. Again, some cities allow husbands to vote as representing the property of the wives, and in others both husband and wife have this right. Obviously, there should be a uniform law. The suffrage asked does not give women the

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right to vote for town, State, or national officials, but affords an opportunity to unmarried women and widows to defend their property rights when it comes to such questions as raising money for schools, electric lighting, water, and other civic improvements. The bill should receive prompt and favorable attention from both houses of the Legislature.

"When James C. Carter retires, he will make room for a thousand lawyers." This rhetorical exaggeration of Mr. Choate's conveyed a simple truth to which Mr. Carter's death gives fresh and poignant force. In losing him, we lose not only a chief ornament of the bar, but a great citizen. His range of learning and weight of character and dignity as a lawyer, combined with the loftiest standards of professional ethics, did more than the labors of a thousand ordinary men could do to exalt and honor his calling; while his zeal and services in the great public causes of his time were an example and rebuke to all timid or flabby citizenship. Who that heard his deep tones, "To the polls! To the polls!" summoning the electors to defeat by their votes a base politician's plot against the judiciary, can forget the thrill and impulse which his eloquence, vibrating with indignation, was able to impart? Happily preserved in vigor to a ripe age, Mr. Carter received in his life every tribute which integrity and extraordinary ability can command; and in his death there are many among the best of his own profession who will feel as if chariot and horsemen had been caught up out of their sight.

The fine brute majority that Mr. Balfour inherited from his uncle is, though reduced, still sufficient. This was shown in the rejection by Parliament on Thursday of Mr. Asquith's resolution to submit the fiscal question to the electorate. The debate brought out an interesting diversity of opinion. Mr. Balfour desired to prolong the present Parliament for the very good reason that he still commands a majority. Lord Hugh Cecil, since Mr. Winston Churchill's defection to the Liberals the most brilliant debater among the Free Trade Unionists, spoke for delay, because that would give time for fiscal agitation to die down harmlessly. Unionism, he maintained, was gradually purging itself of protectionist vagaries. Mr. Chamberlain, though for his own part he would welcome a general election, urged the Government not to resign simply to oblige the Opposition. Delay, he insisted, was doing the work of fiscal reform. He expected to see all the Free Trade Unionists converted to his plan. Evidently, if Mr. Balfour and the free traders of his party still manage to agree, and Mr. Chamberlain declines to oust his chief so long as the Liberals desire office, there would seem to be no immediate prospect of dissolution.

Anything that clears up the position of Mr. Balfour—"the great confuser," as Mr. Birrell recently termed him—is of importance, and Thursday's debate was notable for Mr. Chamberlain's reassertion that he and Mr. Balfour agree absolutely in principle, and differ only as to methods of procedure. In somewhat striking contrast to this clear-cut imputation of protectionist faith, was Lord Hugh Cecil's merciless scoring of his cousin for ambiguity, and Mr. Balfour's refusal to give "a monosyllabic" answer to the question, "Are you a protectionist?" The author of 'Philosophic Doubt' may have felt that he was being pressed too hard. Only the other day, at Mr. Morley's request, he committed his views on the fiscal question to "half a sheet of note paper." In this short space he reiterated squarely the demand for retaliatory duties made in his Sheffield speech, but continued with recommendations of some sort of tariff reciprocity with the colonies, some sort of a colonial conference, some sort of an anti-dumping policy Evidently, the official interpretation of such articles of faith could not be got into a word of one syllable, and Mr. Balfour did well not to make the attempt. Meanwhile, Mr. Chamberlain's rather arrogant claim that Mr. Balfour will be with the protectionists when he catches up, explains the somewhat lordly graciousness with which he declines to shorten Mr. Balfour's political life. This clemency obviously puts Mr. Balfour under palpable obligations of an embarrassing sort.

The distractions of the Russian Government were already near the endurance limit of human nerves. The hopeless confusion of political and industrial outbreaks in Finland, in Poland, in Batum, in all the great industrial centres; the protests of the bar and the universities against the "bloody Sunday"; the railroad strikes—were enough, with the demands of the Mantchurian campaign, to tax the energies of administrators to the utmost. At such a time, the terrorists have furnished a climax in the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius—the fourth prominent reactionary violently removed in the past two years. Thus the reformatory overtures of the bureaucracy are answered by hurled bombs, and the agitation of moderate liberals is seized upon by the Reds for a renewal of the old programme. Clearly, on both sides almost insuperable obstacles are offered to gradual reform. The slaying of Sergius strengthens the force which he impersonated so odiously that a deed which promises little good and may involve great evils has evoked slight sympathy for the victim. Sergius was the natural target for a fanatic's bomb, yet he was himself the creature of the absolute system into which he was born, and deserves some of the pity felt for a great people driven, contrary to its nature, to a violent revolution. His taking off may have the effect of precipitating peace in the East, but the Government cannot yet be declared at the end of its resources for the maintenance of order. Highly significant on this point are the resolutions adopted by the remarkably outspoken and even menacing meeting of professors and students of the University of St. Petersburg on Monday, which concluded upon a suspension of all teaching until the autumn. While the preamble, it is true, speaks of the "criminal adventure in the Far East, which has cost the people tens of thousands of lives and millions of hard-earned money," the formulated demands neither begin with peace nor contain any allusion to it, but do invoke "a people's militia, in whose ranks all citizens can fight to realize our aspirations." At the front stands "a legislative assembly on the basis of a universal, equal, and secret ballot of male and female citizens."

Facts as to Russian military mismanagement are leaking out every day. We have not only the savage criticisms of the fleet by the officers who have returned with Gen. Stoessel, and attacks upon each other by the surviving admirals and generals. The *Écho de Paris* has been printing some statements as to the conduct of the Vladivostok fleet which it vouches for on the authority of an intimate friend of Admiral Skrydloff. According to this story, in which there is nothing improbable, Skrydloff was merely the nominal commander of his squadron, being in every way subject to Admiral Alexieff. Thus, Skrydloff did not hear of the sortie of the Port Arthur ships until twenty-four hours after it had taken place, although coöperation of the two fleets was of the greatest importance. Alexieff ordered Skrydloff into Port Arthur by way of Chefoo, but the Admiral refused, saying he might as well go by way of Nagasaki. Skrydloff reports that Kuropatkin also rejoiced when Alexieff was recalled, for the viceroy, in the General's opinion, had succeeded in botching the whole concentration. This was the inevitable result of putting a naval officer in supreme command of both the naval and military forces—from the first a fatal blunder. Now, we have Gen. Gripenberg's extraordinary insubordination in publicly blaming Gen. Kuropatkin while that officer is still commanding in the field. That the highest officers have begun to denounce each other in this way must give the Japanese renewed hopes of decisive victories at an early date. And must we not believe that this insubordination and disorganization have affected Rozhestvensky's fleet?

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THE SAN DOMINGO TREATY.

Having been driven from his first plan of taking over Dominican administration, under what he considers his general police power for this hemisphere, the President has now submitted to the Senate a treaty with the same end in view. This is the legal and orderly process. The scheme should be considered on its merits—but it should be really considered. The Senate and the country should look into the matter closely, to see if what Mr. Roosevelt alleges to be an imperative national duty, truly be such; whether it is desirable either to take the immediate step he urges, or to erect the far-reaching precedent involved in it; whether, in short, the President's premises are correct and his logic convincing.

The treaty and accompanying message speak of "the Dominican Government" and its desires. What reality lies behind the phrase? Undoubtedly, there is a *de-facto* government in San Domingo; but its authority and stability are in gravest doubt, according to President Roosevelt's own admissions. For four years at least there has been a disputed Presidency and endemic revolution. How do we know that President Morales is not using us simply to enable him to triumph over his foes? Dominican custom-houses have for long been headquarters of revolution. Jiménez, or any other conspirator, had only to seize one, and a revolution was at once financed. It has been credibly stated that Monte Christi and its customs revenues were in a possession adverse to Morales, but we obligingly undertake to oust his antagonists. Indeed, his complacent surrender of all Dominican custom-houses has the look of a clever move to cut off the sinews of revolution, and establish himself at ease under the protection of United States guns. This certainly is an aspect of the matter carefully to be scrutinized. In Venezuela, our Administration is reported to be about to override a *de-facto* government on the ground that it is arbitrary. In that country we do not propose to allow ourselves to be fooled by an alleged "Venezuelan Government." But in San Domingo we speak deferentially of a "Government" which, for all we know, exists only on paper, and may be alienating national sovereignty without consulting the people, or even in defiance of their wishes.

Upon President Roosevelt's arguments from the Monroe Doctrine we will not dwell. Anything you please can be drawn out of that fog-bank. We simply note that Mr. Roosevelt now brings out of it conclusions diametrically opposed to those he maintained in 1902. This only shows, of course, that Monroeism is a kind of reflex of national emotion. When we want to do something very much, it is the Monroe Doctrine that furnishes convenient warrant. If we are violently opposed to any course, Monroe lays a dead inhibiting hand upon us, greatly to our relief and comfort. That is well understood. To draw logical inferences from the Monroe Doctrine is as dangerous as to construct a syllogism in which every term is undefined. But there are certain statements of fact in the President's message which come within the reasonable operations of the mind.

He argues that foreign nations have just debts against San Domingo; that the only way in which they could enforce collection would be by seizing Dominican custom houses; that, even so, the debts are "beyond the power of the republic to pay," and that hence what we are confronted with is the peril of a "permanent" occupation of Dominican territory by European Powers. But from this he passes easily to the conclusion that we, with our transcendent financial genius, could take over the custom-houses, quickly make the revenue equal to the discharge of every obligation, and then gracefully withdraw, not proposing to "take any part of San Domingo." Obviously, the two parts of that argument are at war with each other. If the first one is valid, then what we are driving straight at, in spite of all pretence to the contrary, is a permanent occupation of San Domingo. This, in fact, seems to be distinctly invited by Article 7 of the treaty, which contemplates, in addition to rehabilitating Dominican finances, our doing everything *we* may think necessary to "preserve order" and "increase the efficiency of the civil administration." Imagine any European nation getting such a blanket grant of power! Should we not all cry out that it meant the complete and permanent absorption of San Domingo?

Financially, the proposal is that we, as one creditor, should guarantee the debts of all the others. Why not an undertaking by all concerned? The President informs us that a plan of "joint fiscal control" was suggested in 1903 by one foreign government. This the United States "declined." Why? No reason is given. We have had part in such a condominium before. Why reject so natural a step by the parties in interest now? Another case of inflamed Monroeism, we suppose. But peril of complications in the process glares at one. Already the German press is remarking that the President's plan, far from composing the troubles, will aggravate them. The point is, that we are now to pass upon the justice of foreign claims against San Domingo. Some of them the President calmly asserts to be "improper or exorbitant." If he is to use such language of foreign governments, how long will it be before San Domingo will be forgotten in the rows with France or Germany or Belgium precipitated by our assuming to be a referee in Dominican bankruptcy?

Such considerations and others like them should be duly weighed by the Senate. The President urges haste, but the business requires rather the extreme of deliberation. It wears too close a resemblance to the farmer's wife who was driven so distracted by the hopeless accumulations of work in her kitchen that she "went blackberrying." Our own affairs demand all the financial and administrative talent we have to spare, yet we may be sure that the San Domingo precedent will be seized upon by every tottering and revolution-harried republic of Central and South America. If the treaty goes through without serious amendment and rigid safeguarding, the effect will be the same as if a shingle were hung out at the White House: "Uncle Sam, Receiver in Pan-American Bankruptcy and Universal Antidote for Anarchy."

THE EQUITABLE CONTROVERSY.

The one patent fact in the action taken by the Equitable Life directors on Thursday is, that the situation whereby control of the company and its assets is practicable through ownership of a bare majority of its $100,000 stock, may be altered through transfer of this power to the policy-holders. Both factions in the recent contest recognize that the company's position will be strengthened and secured by conceding to policy-holders a voice in electing the management. The right to such participation, in the case of joint-stock companies, is in some dispute, and apparently could not be won with the board of management hostile to the plan. The Equitable controversy will be particularly useful, then, if it impresses on the public and the legislative mind the necessity for such a safeguard in the case of all life-insurance enterprises. To prove this does not require proof of incompetency on the part of any existing management. Based on control of a small majority of stock, such management may be ideal; yet death, business emergency, or high bids from other capitalists, might shift the control into hands either incapable or untrustworthy. That such a possibility should exist in an enterprise where withdrawal by the people vitally concerned is, to all intents, impracticable, hardly conforms to modern ideas; but there is no way of averting it save by granting to bona-fide policy-holders of such companies a potential veto on the acts of the management. This is the reason why the courts have tended of late towards recognition of rights on the part of patrons of life-insurance companies different from and superior to the rights of a bank depositor. Explicit admission of the same right by a company which has so long asserted the simple joint-stock principle in insurance, will have a very salutary effect.

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It does not, of course, follow that this transfer of control will result in radical changes of personnel or policy. Even in the case of life companies operated from the first as mutual enterprises, such changes are very rare. With the enormous number and wide distribution of the policies embodying ultimate ownership of such companies, any management under whose auspices the enterprise has prospered is virtually assured of reëlection. This is undoubtedly for the best. Nothing could be more injurious to the business of such a corporation than constant change of officials; and in case of actual and proved mismanagement, appeal to the policy-holders always remains as a possible corrective.

An arrangement to "mutualize" the Equitable Life became inevitable from the moment of a contest for control between two or more rival factions. It would have been no solution whatever for the majority holdings of the stock to have been sold at a fancy price to other capitalists. No greater calamity to the insurance business can be conceived than the invasion of its field by the snatching and grasping methods which marked our railway and industrial company finance of 1901 and 1902. If the present situation, in which one individual dominates through ownership of a bare stock majority, was no longer safe, and if the alternative of bids for his holdings by rival interests, each with its eye on the company's huge assets, was inadmissible, the only possible recourse was that which the directors have adopted.

We do not doubt that the decision to invest control in the Equitable policy-holders will have good effect. At the same time, it seems to us that the matter cannot stop wholly with that. Executive officers who were reëlected last week have made certain distinct and positive statements, under their official signatures, as to a necessity for change in the composition of the board of management. The President of the company declared in terms that failure to make such change "would be most prejudicial to the welfare and progress of the society and the conservation of the trust funds held for the benefit of our policy-holders." We do not assume to pass judgment on the accuracy or inaccuracy of this formal official statement, but, after publication of such an utterance, the reëlection, both of the officer who was responsible for it and of the officer at whom its criticisms were directed, composes nothing. If the statement signed by Mr. Alexander was exaggerated, in the heat of a canvass to force the board of management to the mutualizing expedient, then it ought to be modified or retracted. If it was strictly accurate, something more should be said, in common justice to the company's policy-holders, as to what steps the present management means to take with a view of ensuring proper correction of past evils after the mutual plan shall have been formally adopted.

We do not suppose that these considerations are absent from the minds of the gentlemen now representing the Equitable before the public. But it is essential, in our judgment, that the nature of the situation and the nature of the remedy should be made absolutely clear. The question at issue is not a mere dispute over methods of management in a single institution; it affects the position of all other life companies and of their policy-holders. To stir up a controversy of this sort, only to drop it and leave matters precisely where they were before, would be a piece of fatuity and recklessness quite on a par with the exploits of Mr. Lawson; and it could have no other consequence than to create uneasiness and misgiving among holders of life-insurance policies throughout the country. This large and grave aspect of the matter obviously supersedes all considerations of "harmony" in the board of the Equitable or of any other company, and we believe that its importance is recognized by the principals in the pending dispute. It is fortunate that, with the plan for reversion of control to the policy-holders fairly under way, it will be entirely feasible to thresh out such questions without frightening investors in the company, and leaving them in a feeling of helpless insecurity.

THE CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH SAVINGS BANKS.

For many reasons, the modern tendency to enlarge the functions of Government ought to be sturdily resisted. There are no steps backward: movements in this direction are irretrievable. No ruler willingly surrenders power; every officeholder will fight to keep his place. Were governmental administration wise and economical, we might rejoice in it; but it is apt to be both wasteful and stupid. When it is proposed to commit some new department of activity to the charge of Government, the public is assured that reforms will be introduced and improvements made. What usually happens is that the new bureau falls into the old ruts, that abuses creep in, that the promises of improvement are not fulfilled, and that the persons interested in maintaining these conditions are able by combination to defy criticism and prevent reform. The history of the Post-Office Savings Banks of England illustrates these truths. Men conversant with finance have for some time understood that the assets of these banks were less than their deposits, but the particulars of the situation have not been explained. They are now, however, clearly set forth by Mr. Alfred Marks, in the *Investors' Review*, and our people may well take warning from his disclosures.

Prior to 1861, when the Post-Office Savings Banks were established, the deposits of the existing, or "Trustee" banks, had been invested by law in Government securities, to the great convenience of the Treasury. This convenience, indeed, was one of the reasons which led Gladstone to favor the establishment of the post-office institutions. A steady income was thus turned into the Treasury, which could be employed for any purpose, and which constituted a loan from creditors who were not likely to make any sudden demand for their money. But Gladstone declared that "it would be absurd for the Government and Parliament, even for the purpose of encouraging provident habits among the poor, to make the working classes of the country pensioners on the Exchequer." The rate of interest allowed on deposits was therefore fixed at a rate which the deposits earned. Moreover, to provide for any depreciation, the act of 1861 declared that when the fund in which the deposits were invested became insufficient to meet the lawful claims of depositors, the Treasury should issue the amount of the deficiency out of the Consolidated Fund. The meaning of "insufficient" was defined by later acts relating to Trustee Banks. They were directed to prepare balance sheets showing the market price of their assets, and in case of any deficiency the Treasury was directed to certify the amount thereof to be a charge on the consols. Such deficiencies, being found to exist, were accordingly so certified.

Before the madness of imperialism involved England in the Transvaal war, the Post-Office Banks had not shown a deficiency, the price of consols rising steadily. That ruinous enterprise, however, greatly injured the credit of the Government, and for some five or six years the balance has been against the banks, and in 1904 their assets were less than their deposits by over £11,000,000. The deposits were about £147,000,000, and the stocks held equalled about 18s. 6d. in the pound. But the Government has taken no steps to provide for this deficiency. On the contrary, it has had passed an act which dispenses with the publication of a balance-sheet, following the example of some of our companies which think to conceal their embarrassments by suppressing their reports. As the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury naïvely replied to a question asked in Parliament, any one can make any valuation of assets that he likes. It is needless to say that such a proceeding on the part of private individuals calls forth the sternest condemnation from legislators. Such proceedings, however, are precisely what legislators have constantly resorted to in the past, for the purpose of deceiving the public and concealing their own mismanagement. But that the British

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Government should in these days resort to them gives us a painful shock. We should not have looked for them even from the present Ministers.

Let us compare this situation with that of the five great joint-stock banks of London, whose deposits at the close of 1903 amounted to £147,720,000, those of the Post-Office Banks being £146,000,000. Against these deposits the joint-stock banks held a reserve of cash, in hand and in the Bank of England, of £26,583,000. They had also over 18 millions of cash "at call," and 95 millions in bills of exchange. They had, besides, 28 millions of Government and other securities, and they had marked down their consols to 85, less than the market price. But the Post-Office Banks have no reserve at all, and no cash on hand except their daily receipts. They are sustained by the guarantee of the Government. No one doubts the value of this guarantee; but, as a matter of fact, the money of the depositors has not been invested by Government, but spent. Their £146,000,000 has been swallowed up, and their sole asset is the good faith of the Government. That is a good asset; yet, if England became involved in a great war, its credit, already impaired, would seriously decline. Probably there would be no "run" on the Post-Office Banks; but, if there were, it might not be easy to stop it. Large quantities of consols might be salable, in a panic, only at a heavy discount.

The rate of interest allowed on deposits was fixed by Parliament, in 1861, at 2½ per cent. At that time the rate on consols was 3 per cent., but this has been reduced to 2¾, and recently to 2½ per cent. As much of the stock held by the banks was bought at a premium, it brings in less interest than the depositors receive, allowing nothing for the expenses of administration, which, in a business of this nature, are necessarily considerable. At first no one was allowed to deposit more than £30 in a year, nor more than £150 altogether. The limits were raised in 1891-3 to £50 and £200, and accounts may be kept in the names of different members of the same family. Mr. Marks calculates that, in 1902, one-tenth of the depositors owned two-thirds of the deposits. In 1857, some 70 per cent. of the deposits belonged to 95 per cent. of the depositors. Evidently these banks are extensively used by persons of considerable wealth, who observe that they would get only about 1 per cent. on their money if deposited in a joint-stock bank, and naturally prefer to take advantage of the Government rate. Any attempt to lower this rate to a proper figure would arouse the opposition of this class. The sympathy of the public would be asked for the poor workingman, and it is altogether improbable that the rate will be lowered. A tottering administration would not dare to do it for fear of bringing about its own fall, nor an incoming administration for fear of hurting its prestige. At present the "enormous evil," as Mr. Gladstone called it, of making the depositors pensioners on the Exchequer, has come to pass, although these pensioners are rather of the middle than the working class.

Depositors in the savings banks of this country may justly think their position better than that of the English, and much better than that of the French and Australians, whose savings have practically been impounded by their governments. We know that our savings have not been wasted in killing human beings and destroying their homes, but have been invested in productive enterprises. They are secured by collateral which has not depreciated, and which, if it tends to depreciate, is disposed of. They do not have the promise of the general Government that it will secure them against loss, but they have the ability and integrity of the best of our business men as a pledge that the trust reposed in them will be faithfully discharged. They have the satisfaction of reflecting that the interest which they receive has been honestly earned, and not paid them as a pension by their fellow-citizens. They know, too, that interest will not be paid when it has not been earned, and that, instead of a deficiency of assets, there exists a fair surplus—in spite of the taxes which our legislatures insist upon imposing. If they are wise, they will take warning from the case of England, and resist all attempts to commit industrial enterprises to the charge of rulers who are selected, to say the least, without reference to their integrity and capacity as business managers.

THE WINNER IN THE CHARIOT RACE.

It was the evening of election day, after a fiercely contested campaign. One of the aspirants for office was reading in his study, when his secretary entered with tidings of the struggle. "Well," said the statesman cheerfully, "how large a majority have they given us this time?" When the secretary broke the sickening news of disaster, the disappointed man, unperturbed, took up again the tale of 'Ben Hur.' *Abeunt studia in mores.* The death last week of Gen Lew Wallace raises the question why 'Ben Hur' was better than bromide to steady the nerves of a defeated candidate, and why the book has had such enormous popularity. Throughout the rank and file of our steady, church-going people the man who is ignorant of 'Ben Hur,' who cannot recall vividly every point of the chariot race, is set down as beyond the pale, in both literature and religion. Shakspere and Milton are above the range of honest folk, who are often content to take the Bible at second-hand; but 'Ben Hur' brings grandeur near our common dust.

Matthew Arnold had much to say about "the grand style." For hundreds of thousands of readers Lew Wallace is the inventor of the grand style. True, these modest critics live in what such superior persons as Arnold call Philistia, but they buy books by the ton. When they find an elaborated manner which is gorgeous with Oriental imagery and suggests a fusion of 'Marmion,' 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' and the Bible, and which, in the more notable passages, is rhythmical, they exult in having discovered the real thing, and they are justly proud of their discernment. Take this:

> "Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again; and, though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car."

A man who can thrill at such sentences as these can surely spend his hours happily and unconsciously while waiting for the gallows.

The style, however, is merely the gilded vehicle for characters and incidents which make a dime novel about bandits and beauties seem dull and lifeless. The Queen of the Outlaws is nowhere when "Esther's eyes were dewy with tears." Jesse James is a divinity student in a white choker when compared with Messala, who, in spite of his "air of passionless hauteur characteristic of the fine patrician face," was "cruel, cunning, desperate, not so excited as determined—a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve." And for your high-souled, dauntless hero, we back Ben Hur against any combination of Old Sleuth and Crimson Dick yet presented to the world. There is also enough and to spare of battle, murder, and sudden death. Perhaps Lew Wallace could not have written up to the latest specifications for an historical novel—a hair-raising sensation in every five pages; but, for the benighted days of 1880, when the art was yet in its infancy, he far surpassed the wildest expectations. The most intensely respectable man that ever passed the plate for the missionary collection got his money's worth when he paid $1.50—the "Garfield Edition" in three-quarter levant, $10.00—for a book that recalled the fearful joy of reading behind his geography the shabby, yellow-covered guide to a forbidden paradise.

Above all, 'Ben Hur' gives us Crimson Dick, Old Sleuth, Jesse James, and the Queen of the Outlaws combined with the strongest religious influences; it is as edifying as a prizefight in a Young Men's Christian Association — unrestrained excitement and profound piety.

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The sub-title, "A Tale of the Christ," would alone have sold two of the dullest books ever written, Becker's 'Gallus' and 'Charicles'; it made 'Ben Hur' a household word. From 1885 to 1900 no church entertainment was complete unless the local amateur elocutionist let herself go on the chariot race. Nobody who went to Sunday-school could have escaped the story had he tried. Whenever the class reached the life of Christ, the teacher read that chapter of 'Ben Hur' beginning, "A mile and a half, it may be two miles, southeast of Bethlehem, there is a plain separated from the town by an intervening swell of the mountain." Superintendent, pastor, and stray visitor, called on for a few remarks, reminded everybody at least once in three months that the most vivid picture of the Holy Land in the time of Christ was in 'Ben Hur.' "Now, dear children"—so the talk began—"I always warn you against novels. But there is one work of fiction drawn very largely from the Bible. Though there are a few happenings that may have been invented, the great bulk of the work is as true as the blessed gospel itself. I mean 'Ben Hur, a Tale of the Christ.' I can recommend it strongly as full of spiritual refreshment. We have two copies in our own Sunday-school library. It is spoken of most warmly by the bishop and the editor of the *Christian Advocate*."

The very stars in their courses fought for 'Ben Hur.' Its descriptions of Palestine and its religiosity won it eager readers among the millions who were bred to regard novels as hell broth. To minds nourished upon Todd's 'Lectures to Children' and 'Hints and Thoughts for Christians,' with the Lucy books reserved for a special treat—in short, to all who knew that sharp and unmistakable distinction between Sunday and other reading, he pages of 'Ben Hur' were like cold water to a thirsty soul. People of wide reading are naturally inclined to sneer at the meretricious qualities of 'Ben Hur' while they stick to 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.' 'Ben Hur' was never meant for them, but it has gone straight to the heart of the solid Puritans, who, thank Heaven! are still the backbone of America.

UNION AND CONFEDERATE FORCES.

The very latest reminiscence of the civil war, Colonel O'Ferrall's 'Forty Years,' recites that "the North was able to put in the field 2,700,000 men, the South only 600,000 men." Standing by itself, such an estimate would be of little consequence; but it does not stand by itself. That measure of the Confederate forces has been in vogue since 1867, and it is acquiring a pseudo-historical value. Thus, the Confederate Handbook, 1900, avowedly designed to furnish "reliable information for the use of the future historian," insists that the enrolled strength of the insurgent army did not exceed 600,000 men, while no more than 400,000 were ever available for the field. Another alleges that "this estimate is engraved upon enduring monuments in the South," and the figures "are printed in the Southern school-books," thus perpetuating serious historical error should it not be the truth. Very recently Mr. Cazenove G. Lee, in a newly-published table designed to show the enormous numerical superiority of the Union army, credits it with 2,778,304 soldiers as against the same 600,000. Such statements are unobjectionable if they are true; but the probabilities are all against their truth, for there is much presumptive and statistical testimony to impugn their accuracy, and there are no consolidated Confederate records to sustain them. In 1900, before the Confederate Handbook appeared, Colonel Thomas L. Livermore, lately of the Eighteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, published an admirable discussion of the situation in 'Numbers and Losses in the Civil War,' reviewed in No. 1844 of the *Nation;* and at the November, 1904, meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society he examined Mr. Lee's and the Handbook's figures, which seem to be identical.

The overwhelming superiority of the loyal States in number and in material wealth has never been in question. The disparity was so great that the minority was foredoomed if the two parts of the common country put men in the field proportionately to their population. Secession's reliance, apart from possible intervention, was upon divided counsel and lukewarm defence of the Union, which might so far equalize the numbers in the field that an armed contest, if indeed there should be such, would not be hopeless. For the matter of that, it seems that the assumption in Beverley Tucker's 'Partisan Leader' was accepted by the disunion managers as infallible prophecy of an unmolested withdrawal of the Cotton States. Mr. Davis's advertisement, that all the new Confederacy wanted was to be let alone, sounded as an echo of that fantasy. It is demonstrable that on the Union side "there were in fact 2,898,304 army and navy enlistments." The point to estimate is how many men supported the Confederate cause in the field. It is necessary to estimate the number, because there remain no official summaries.

In 1890, after twenty-five years of peace, the census showed 432,020 Confederate and 980,724 Union survivors, or a little more than one to two and a fourth. If the Union enlistments account for 2,300,000 individuals, as is probably the case (for it is certain that many of them represent very short-term and other discharged men who reëngaged), then the Confederate survivors indicate an original force of more than 1,000,000 men on the assumption that the mortality rates were alike. But it is certain that the deaths of Confederates on the field were not only relatively but absolutely greater than those among the Union troops, and, from conditions not necessary to recapitulate here, the mortality from disease also was much higher. If the number of individuals in the Union army corresponds more nearly to the number of enlistments, then the number of Confederate survivors represents a proportionately higher number of arms-bearers.

In the Confederate ranks, enlistments and soldiers much more nearly corresponded, for there was no relaxation of the military grasp except where disability occurred. It is in evidence that the conscription, which arbitrarily prolonged the service of those voluntarily enrolled in the first year of the war, finally ransacked the seceding States from end to end with bitter constraint. The military age was gradually extended until in February, 1864, it ran from seventeen to fifty; and the exemptions were so few that, a year later, the entire number east of the Mississippi was 87,863. After youth and age had been ravished from their homes, the blacks themselves were about to be put under arms and in the ranks when the crash came. That such a trial to Southern sensibilities was ever dreamed of, is the best evidence that no white reserves were left. With a country swept as clean as that, the men in the ranks certainly exceeded 600,000 out of the 1,440,000 men of the conventional military age who, Col. Livermore shows, were probably available, plus those beyond the normal fighting years drawn upon by the conscription. There is official reference and plenty of popular testimony to lads of sixteen and less being drawn by the spirit of the times into the track of war, and without doubt men more than fifty years old were in the ranks. Further, although the general conscription records were destroyed by authority, there is a surviving statement from that bureau that in January 1864, fifteen months before the end of the war, 566,456 men had been in service from Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi. If six States put more than 560,000 troops in the field, as they certainly did, before the war was three-fourths over, a total of 600,000 would leave less than 40,000 for all the other territory during the four years, and for that central region during the remaining year and a fourth—which reduces assertion to absurdity. But, in fact, it was after this date that the conscription ages were extended, and to the official muster rolls already cited must be added the later recruits from these very States, 296 regiments from the other States belonging to or having sympathy with the Confederacy, and 98,000 men who were in certain irregular organizations. Irrespective of the arithmetical fallacy, to limit its soldiers to the familiar and indeed paltry 600,000 is a practical denial of the boasted unanimity with which, either freely or by compulsion, disunion was supported.

Along with this persistent error is the equally persistent misapplication (to lay no greater stress upon it) of the terms in which the military field returns were prepared. In the United States forces, all men neither absent nor sick were accounted present for duty. But a considerable proportion of these had to be employed on other necessary service than that of the firing line. The Confederates made a distinction between the able-bodied men present, by classing those available in action as "effectives," and reckoning them alone as their battle strength. But the Federal returns are always used at their face value by the Confederate historians, so that the odds against which the effectives fought are unduly magnified. The facts are not changed, but appearances are altered. In the latter part of the war, at least in the Army of Northern Virginia, it was forbidden to publish among the casualties the slighter wounds; doubtless partly to avoid depressing the civil population and the army itself, and partly not to encourage the enemy.

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Col. Livermore's paper, which appears irrefutable, ought not to remain buried in the Proceedings of any Society, however notable. It is a valuable contribution to American history, and deserves a distinct investiture for convenience of consultation and study. The distribution among all the libraries of the land of a special edition of this analysis would be a service, in the interest of historical truth as well as of patriotism, which independent or incorporated wealth might well consider.

CURRENT ITALIAN FICTION.

ALASSIO, January, 1905.

Ten years ago it seemed as if a splendid efflorescence of the novel had begun in Italy. Fogazzaro, Rovetta, Matilde Serao, Gabriele D'Annunzio had all given proofs of their strength; De Roberto had just published 'I Viceré,' and Capuana 'Le Paesane.' There was still hope that Verga would continue his series of "I Vinti" with the promised 'Duchessa di Leyra,' while there was plenty of talent among the novelists of lesser note, and brilliant promise from some of the newcomers. Time has passed, but the bright morning has given place to a dull sort of a day—nothing, perhaps, to complain of, except that it is not at all equal to our expectations. There are new novels enough published, and by writers whose names were utterly unknown ten years ago; and here and there one who, with his youthful courage, has brought to his work good brains, and yet the survey of the field of fiction is to-day, as a whole, rather depressing. The cheering exceptions are chiefly among the tellers of short stories. For to-day I mean to confine my attention to these. It is somewhat like picking the plums out of a pudding, but if later it should turn out that what remains is too insipid, you will pardon me if I do not offer it to you.

Gabriele D'Annunzio contributes a volume which I believe is not really new, called 'Le Novelle della Pescara,' stories of the author's birthplace in the "Abruzzo forte e gentile." If one were to judge by these tales, heaven did *not* lie about him in his infancy. In reading them I found that, as regards the matter, nearly all came under one or more of three categories, and I marked them accordingly—gruesome, erotic, or disgusting. Instead of men and women, the pages are peopled with caricatures that the author seems to have drawn sometimes in hatred, sometimes in contempt, never in love. With few exceptions they are hideous; and as in general their actions are no better than their looks, the effect of a continuous reading of the book is like that of a nightmare. At first one wonders at the Olympian calm of the narrator in the midst of so loathsome a world, but little by little one perceives that his preoccupations are literary rather than human. His *fantoches* have a certain distorted resemblance to life; but then, after all, they are only *fantoches*, and a little attentive observation reveals how the wires are pulled, and also that the show is but a reminiscence of another given by an antecedent showman. One need not look far for an example. The second story in the volume, "La Vergine Anna," is obviously inspired by (one might even say, imitated from) 'Un Cœur Simple' of Flaubert. The same subject treated in the same manner, even to the suppression of every adjective not absolutely necessary to the proper telling of the story; and as far as the manner is concerned, the success of the imitation is beyond question. Occasionally the author's power of presenting a scene, barely more than suggested by a few sober touches, makes it seem that one is reading an Italian Flaubert. The illusion, however, is but fleeting. Flaubert, impassible as he appears, must have loved his Félicité, for there is scarcely a detail relating to her in his pages that does not bring into stronger and stronger relief her humility, her unselfishness and loyalty; whereas, D'Annunzio has no love for his Anna; and no wonder, as the one characteristic he is at great pains to show is her imbecility. The result is that, for want of human interest, the reader gets bored, especially as many of the details, consigned, after the manner of Flaubert, to short sentences, are of a surprising puerility.

And so with the rest of the book. In the matter of execution it leaves little to be desired; it is sober, with an absence of the lyrism, poetic cadences and the jewel-wrought diction of much of D'Annunzio's later work; but there is always that tantalizing suggestion of the author's reading, as if he were less taken up with the telling of a story about his fellow-townsmen than with the telling of it in the manner of some writer who has excited his admiration. But if the manner is a success, one can scarcely say as much of the matter. One tale, for instance (a spurious Maupassant, quite recognizable in spite of the heavier touch), would seem in its crude loathsomeness intended to bring his model into disrepute. The art is nearly always employed to delineate a collection of horrors, of deformities and diseases. Strange that writers should be so slow to learn that pages of minute description of blemishes, to the last wrinkle and the last wart, may provoke a feeling of nausea in the reader, but do not necessarily evoke for him a living portrait. Then there are reminiscences of one or the other of the ancient *novellieri*, that are by way of being gay, yet are of a grossness which the historic sense helps one to tolerate in the old chronicle, but which is simply repulsive in a narrator of to-day. And the author's conception of fun! No trace of sense of humor is to be found anywhere in the works of D'Annunzio, but he need not have been at such pains to demonstrate its entire absence in his intellectual make-up.

Never, perhaps, were qualities and defects more puzzlingly interwoven in a writer than in D'Annunzio. Happily 'La Figlia d'Iorio' has lately come to show that he has always the power of doing beautiful things. This, indeed, is not the place to give an account of the work. Critics in general have vaunted its dramatic qualities, but it appears to me that its success upon the stage has been owing rather to the beauty and dignity of the poetry, to a certain atmosphere which he has created and which lends enchantment to the scene, and perhaps a little also to its picturesqueness as a spectacle. It reads charmingly.

'Casta Diva' is the title of a volume of stories by Gerolamo Rovetta. In point of readableness Rovetta is, if not first, at least among the first half-dozen of living Italian novelists. His style is clear and animated; his personages move with a very pretty resemblance to life; his descriptions, without being overdone, are sufficient, and the same may be said of his psychology. With so many qualities—and there are more than I have named—one wonders why one does not take him more seriously; why a writer so extraordinarily clever should still seem to halt this side of the highest achievement. You are amused, you are delighted, with the keenness of his perceptions; you are also impressed when he is earnest, but—and there, perhaps, is the rub—I doubt if you are ever deeply moved. In the midst of a not very admirable world, which, however, strikes you as being amazingly real, there move certain figures, generally those intended to be of a higher order than the rest, and these rarely seem other than somewhat sentimental conventions. They introduce an element of falseness into a society that you otherwise accept as authentic. Of course these observations do not apply to every one of Rovetta's works; in some of them there is a happy adaptability of the means at his command to the end he has set himself; and 'Casta Diva' is one of these.

Ugo Ojetti, always entertaining as critic or traveller, was not so fortunate in his earlier essays in fiction. He was dismal in 'Il Vecchio' and perilously near to maudlin in 'Il Giuoco dell' Amore.' In 'Le Vie del Peccato' he has left such performances well behind him. The stories are attacked and sustained with spirit, and are far and away the best things he has done. Of course for Sig. Ojetti there is but one sin worth telling about; it is that which all have committed, or will probably commit to-morrow or next day. To deny the soft impeachment is evidence either of hypocrisy or inexperience. But granting that the book is not "virginibus puerisque," it offers excellent reading for all (and they are many) who are interested in the ways that lead to the divorce court. A succeeding volume, 'Il Cavallo di Troja,' has an occasional story about other subjects. While these are often pleasing or interesting, it must be owned that the real successes of the author are in the field he has made his own, and where one cannot invite the young folks to follow him.

The volume of Fogazzaro entitled 'Scene,' although containing three pieces in form of drama, two of which have indeed tempted fortune upon the stage, has still its right to a place with the story books. In 'Il Garofolo Rosso' and 'Il Ritratto Mascherato,' no less an authority than Giuseppe Giacosa thought he discovered scenic qualities of so high an order that he persuaded the author, much against his judgment, to give them to the theatre, where they failed. "À quelque chose malheur est bon," and Fogazzaro's want of success bore fruit in a long and pleasant article in the *Corriere della Sera*, wherein Giacosa confesses himself convinced by the logic of circumstances—that is, he remains of the same opinion still. And one may agree with him that the dialogue of the 'Garofolo Rosso' is of an excellent quality for the theatre, albeit written in the dialect of Vicenza, and that the action of the 'Ritratto Mascherato' is so "brisk and efficacious that the most practised playwright might envy Fogazzaro its invention." But if I may oppose my poor judgment to that of a master like Giacosa, and if I may be pardoned for being so wise after the fact, I should say that a deathbed so madly comic

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seems to me calculated to bewilder any public made up, as a public always must be, chiefly of persons whose convictions, prejudices, and affections are not flexible enough to adapt themselves readily to these "most singular scenes, in which physical suffering, anguish, baseness, and death have the ways and language of pure comedy." Even in reading, in the midst of the gayety of the *danse macabre* the catastrophe comes as a shock that is, to say the least, disconcerting. And yet the piece is so original, so audacious, the personages are evoked with such vividness, the satire is so keen, and the grim drollery is so genuine, that one would need to be very dull not to enjoy it. The other two pieces of the volume, great as are their merits, seem at first commonplace in comparison. This impression is but momentary. The 'Ritratto Mascherato' contains one of the finest women Fogazzaro ever drew, and that is saying a great deal, if one recalls merely Elena in 'Daniele Cortis,' Luisa in 'Piccolo Mondo Antico,' and Jeanne in 'Piccolo Mondo Moderno'; while 'Nadejde,' with the one exception of the title character, presents such a group of living and breathing men and women as the author himself has never perhaps brought together. The volume is, indeed, for interest one among the first half-dozen of all that I have had to examine.

It is five years since Edoardo Calandra published 'La Bufera,' which remains one of the best novels of our time in Italy. It has as yet had no successor; the volume entitled 'La Falce,' which appeared about two years ago, and in which the first tale fills by far the greater part of the volume, and might, by bulk, be called a novel, cannot take rank with its predecssor. It is in every way a slighter performance. And yet it can boast many of the qualities of 'La Bufera.' There is a slight similarity between the two stories, in so far as the protagonist, a man of birth and education, chooses his wife in a station that is not his own. And there the likeness ends—or no, the two works are akin in the delicacy and distinction of their art. I should say that Calandra writes like a gentleman, were it not that gentlemen do not, as a rule, write like Calandra, more's the pity. In part, it is the refined simplicity of the man whose story he tells, and who naturally reflects always the character of the writer; in part it is the love of nature everywhere apparent, and the succession of charming landscapes evoked by the slightest touch; in part it is the style, of singular limpidity, directness, and harmony, that create a sort of sympathetic air which envelopes the narration and the narrator. Reading 'La Falce' is like visiting rural Piedmont in very good company.

The readers of the *Nation* already know, at least by name, the authors of whom it has here been question; but there are also plenty of newcomers, and, of course, many collections of tales quite clever enough to justify the kindly reception they have received from the Italian press and also to repay the stranger for the time he may spend in reading them. Such, for example, is 'Rigoletto,' by "Térésah," freshly and pleasantly written, and singular in that it presents us with some humble Neapolitans (in whom I believe) so compounded of all the agreeable virtues that the ordinary traveller, who thinks he knows and is sure he despises the people of that wonderful city, will rub his eyes in perplexity, and perhaps impugn the veracity of the author. Such, too, is the "Fumo e Fiamma" of Domenico Tumiati, or 'Cavalleria Forzata' (stories of the theatre) of Nicola Guerra, or many another, the mention of which would be thankless, since my space does not allow me to do justice to their merits.

The case, however, is quite different with three of the volumes that lie before me. 'Trionfi di Donna,' by Alfredo Panzini, although, as the title indicates, all the stories are connected by community of subject, illustrates this by great variety in the inventions. The author has a pleasing vein of sentiment and an elevated conception of life and character, which implies that he is not an uncompromising realist. 'Il Trionfo di Puccin' and 'Il Trionfo della Penna d'Airone' are perhaps the best stories in the book, but there are two others which may interest Americans as showing how some of our rich countrymen look to Italians. The picture is not flattering to us; but, while we may hope that "mister" Douglas is of the author's own fabrication, one must own that in "Mrs. Evelyne" (her full name is Evelyne Taylor) every stroke in the portrait is copied from life. The spelling of English words is not impeccable—it scarcely ever is, and that not merely in Italian novels, but even in the most authoritative prints: "mister" Douglas is a "jankee" from "Nuova York" or "Nuova Yorck." Even the cosmopolitan Ojetti, in the first story of the 'Vie del Peccato' (another unflattering portrait, this time of an American girl), after making a steamer leave from "Oboken" and have a "deck-stewart," gives the following delicious sample of his heroine's English: "Would you accept a little flirt with your American pupil, would you not?" The popular writers of no country are infallible linguists; lady novelists in England used to have a high reputation for a fondness for eccentric French, and the French daily press, to say nothing of our own . . . .! But the Italian, for some reason or other, is so constantly luckless in his liberties with our tongue that nothing would be easier than to make an amusing supplement to 'English as She Is Wrote' from almost any periodical of the country. I except *Minerva*, and, of late, the *Nuova Antologia*.

'Il Prisma,' of Italo Mario Palmarini, deserves to rank among the best works in the little mass before me, if only for three of the eight *novelle* composing it—"Un Vinto," a strong story, notwithstanding that the ending seems unequal to the rest of it; "Le Categorie di Don Ambrogio," dedicated to Luigi Pirandello, and in vivacity and humor worthy of that master; and "Musica Sacra," delicate and poetic.

Luciano Zuccoli first became known to me through a novel published about a year ago, entitled 'Ufficiali, Sottufficiali, Caporali e Soldati,' of which I may on another occasion have something to say. It was, without doubt, one of the most entertaining books of its year, and served as recommendation to the collection of stories published a year later under the title of 'La Vita Ironica.' It is enough to say that this last does honor to the introduction, and, were it only for the opening tale, "L'Ingenuo," or perhaps even more for another, "Il Ladro," deserves mention among the best that it has been my fortune or my duty to read of late. The author, if not a soldier, shows in his writing all the qualities that adorn the ideal man-of-arms. He treats lightly, indeed, certain conventions of ordinary society; but, in a style that is simple, forcible, and direct, he reveals himself generous, high-minded, impatient of all that is mean, and a lover of fair play; and these moral qualities impart a directness and simplicity to his narration that engage the reader from the very outset.

It only remains for me to mention four volumes, all by one hand, that are, however, sufficient to stamp their author as among the first of living Italian story-tellers. I am even tempted to assume the risks that beset the literary prophet, and assert that certain of these tales will always hold their place among the best in the language. The volumes are 'Beffe della Morte e della Vita' (two series), 'Quand' ero Matto,' e 'Bianche e Nere,' by Luigi Pirandello. From the scenes of most of his stories one concludes that the author is native of that part of Sicily which looks toward Africa. Ah, these Southerners—D'Annunzio, Capuana, Verga, De Roberto, Serao, Deledda, and now Pirandello—the field of contemporary Italian fiction would make but a meagre show without their creations! It is true that two of the number count only for what they have given us in the past, but the latest comer promises to vie with D'Annunzio in fecundity, so that, considering the long intervals which most Italian authors put between their published works, the quantity of production still remains overwhelmingly in favor of the Southerners. The four volumes enumerated just now appeared within the space of two years, and their author still found time and strength for various other works, including a novel for the *Nuova Antologia*. And this abundance is not secured at the cost of the workmanship; here is a workman who has a fine sense of his craft. And because the judgment of a foreigner in such matters is apt to be held in light esteem, I quote that of a competent authority, Ugo Flores, given in the *Nuova Antologia* of May 16 last: "The personality of Pirandello . . . has this superiority over all the other story tellers. . . . Palmarini narrates with more vivacity, Ojetti with more *brio*, Panzini with more sentiment; no one writes like Pirandello, whose prose is full of life, rich, flexible, . . . a prose that has a physiognomy like a person, a prose that, without strain on the part of either author or reader, distinguishes itself on every page by its incomparable directness." For the rest, Pirandello has the gift, so rare in Italy, of humor, an irresistible humor that sports with death as well as with life. His subjects are of the greatest variety, excluding only young love; an exclusion that, when one is of a certain age and asks only to be amused, is readily accepted. And, unlike many of his kidney, he does not altogether lose the gaiety of his earlier period with the sobering progress of the years. At least that is true at present. The fun of "Amicissimi" in 'Bianche e Nere' is madder than that of "Le Tre Carissime" in the first 'Beffe.' Let any one who wishes to pass a pleasant hour, read "Il Vitalizio" or "La Signora Speranza" in the second 'Beffe,' or . . . but I will not go further in the invidious selection; either of these will

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engage the reader to continue till the four volumes can offer nothing more that is new.

S. K.

Correspondence.

THE GEORGE PEABODY COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The editorial article on the Peabody Fund in your issue of February 2 contains some inaccuracies in the paragraphs that relate to the College for Teachers at Nashville. Kindly permit me to correct them.

First, the institution formerly known as the Peabody Normal College has been called since 1902 the Peabody College for Teachers, and the title recognized by the trustees of the Peabody Fund in their resolution to endow the college was, in full, the George Peabody College for Teachers.

Secondly, the grounds upon which the College was established are not those of the State University, but those of the University of Nashville.

Thirdly, the conditions of the gift of $1,000,000 to the college do not require the city of Nashville to raise a similar amount. The city is pledged to give $200,000, the State $250,000, Davidson County $50,000; and the Trustees of the University of Nashville are to convey to the Peabody College for Teachers the grounds and buildings now occupied by that institution and valued at something over $300,000.

Fourthly, the aid given in the past by the State of Tennessee has been understated. According to your informant, the State has appropriated $15,000 since 1891. In fact, the annual appropriation was $10,000 from 1881 to 1891, $15,000 from 1891 to 1895, and $20,000 from 1895 to the present time.

Finally, the third paragraph of your article may easily, though perhaps not necessarily, be construed as indicating that the Peabody College for Teachers is intended for students of both races, whereas it is for prospective teachers of the white race only. The benefactions of the Peabody Fund, as distinguished from those of the Slater Fund, have been directed chiefly to the education of the white people of the South.

Very truly yours, Jas. D. Porter,
President of the George Peabody College for Teachers.

Nashville, Tenn., February 16, 1905.

BARTRAM REDIVIVUS?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: While the fever is on for reprinting earlier American itineraries, could not some patriotic Philadelphian be induced to revive the 'Travels' of the Quaker natural scientist, William Bartram? Bartram's fascinating narrative of his journeys 'Through North & South Carolina, Georgia, East & West Florida, [etc.]' hardly needs recalling to American botanists and ornithologists, or for that matter to European; as a scientific record, however florid in style, its value seems to have been understood from the first. According to Sabin, the work went through two editions in this country (Philadelphia, 1791, 1792), was reprinted twice in London (1792, 1794) and once in Dublin (1793), and was thrice translated on the Continent (Berlin, 1793; Haarlem, 1794-1797; Paris, 1799-1801). I have never seen the Dutch translation. Last summer I found other versions at Lund, Stockholm, and Upsala; there, no doubt, in consequence of the friendly relations between Bartram and the successors of Linnæus (cf. Harshberger's 'Botanists of Philadelphia'). Outside of collections, however, the book is rare both abroad and at home, so that to those interested in the geography of our Southeast a reprint should not prove unwelcome.

More particularly, a reprint might prove useful to a far different class. For some reason Bartram has of late escaped adequate notice from historians of American literature; Richardson, Wendell, and Trent, for example, fail to index him, although Stedman and Hutchinson include him in their "Library." Previous authorities, like John S. Hart and Duyckinck, knew him better. His book is, in fact, a typical specimen of romantic nature worship, deeply tinged with the doctrines of Rousseau, and all the more striking because from the hand of a recognized, though youthful, scientific observer. It is important, further, in that its richly colored descriptions of Indian life and subtropical scenery caught the imaginations of several, perhaps many, Romanticists across the water. Coleridge in "The Wanderings of Cain," Southey in "Madoc," Wordsworth in "Ruth," all levied on Bartram considerably; Bowles at least read him; in 'Atala' and the 'Voyage en Amérique,' Chateaubriand, as M. Bédier has pointed out ('Études Critiques'), filched from him remorselessly. I have suspicions of De Quincey and "Christopher North." Indeed, it would not be surprising if careful search revealed an interesting set of transatlantic literary relations wherever this remarkable work found susceptible readers, say, in Holland, Germany, and Sweden also. Its place and possible influence in our own literature will hereafter, let us hope, receive proper attention.

I have a mere impression that one or two years ago some local paper in North Carolina found space for a serial reissue, in whole or in part, of the work in question. A publisher of secure standing in New York or Philadelphia could rejuvenate it more effectively.

Lane Cooper.

Cornell University, February 13, 1905.

Notes.

J. B. Lippincott Co. will begin their "French Men of Letters" series, edited by Dr. Alexander Jessup, with 'Montaigne,' by Edward Dowden; and will further bring out during the spring 'Mirabeau and the French Revolution,' by Charles F. Warwick, ex-mayor of Philadelphia; 'Diplomatic Mysteries,' by Vance Thompson; a new edition of Bigelow's 'Biographical Life of Franklin,' from 1775 to its close, enriched with much fresh material, in three volumes; and 'Young Japan,' by James A. B. Scherer.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish directly 'Out of Bondage, and Other Stories,' by Rowland E. Robinson; 'The Hawthorne Centenary,' July 4-7, 1904, illustrated; 'Our Navy and the Barbary Corsairs,' by Gardner W. Allen; and, in a limited edition, Boccaccio's Life of Dante, translated by Philip Wicksteed, printed on a hand-press from type, in quarto form.

Little, Brown & Co. announce 'An American Girl in Munich,' impressions of a music student, by Mabel W. Daniels, and a new popular illustrated edition of Baird, Brewer and Ridgway's 'History of North American Land Birds,' in three volumes.

The Macmillan Co. will shortly bring out 'The Primitive Character of Religious Revivals: A Study in Mental and Social Evolution,' by Prof. Frederick M. Davenport of Hamilton College, and 'The Horse,' by Prof. Isaac Phillips Roberts.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press 'The Old Shipmasters of Salem,' by Charles E. Trow, and 'A Digit of the Moon, and Other East Indian [Love] Stories,' translated by F. W. Bain.

The Société Gaston Paris, organized by the pupils and friends of that scholar, announces that the bibliography of his writings, which has been compiled by Professor Bédier, of the Collège de France, is to appear in the near future. The Society has further decided to print the catalogue of Gaston Paris's library, the editing of which is almost completed.

The subject of the course of lectures to be delivered at Harvard University by Dr. Sandys, public orator in the University of Cambridge, between March 20 and April 15, will be "The Revival of Learning in Italy."

The third volume of Dr. Thwaites's sumptuous edition of the Lewis and Clark Journals (Dodd, Mead & Co.) carries the expedition through the perilous descent of the Columbia to "the Great Western Ocian"—"I can't say Pasific," adds Captain Clark (Dec. 1, 1805), "as since I have seen it, it has been the reverse." Here we have a picture of the terrible fall and early winter which the company endured in a state almost of nudity and starvation, amid incessant rains and storms; fending off the Indians, whose even innocent visits inflicted a torture of communicated fleas. We have two plans of Fort Clatsop by Clark, and a generous supply of his maps with other facsimiles. There is much repetition because of double drafts, and so fine a phrase as Lewis's "dismorallity of order in the abdomen" thus scores a double entry. The same is true of his acute observation (pp. 315, 330)—"a general maxim"—"that those nations treat their old people and women with most difference [deference] and rispect where they subsist principally on such articles that these can participate with the men in obtaining them." It is Lewis also who reports the inquiry of "a young [Indian] fellow," on a hint that it would be for the welfare of the several nations to be at peace with each other, "what the nation would do for Chiefs?"—"taking as granted that there could be no other mode devised for making chiefs but that which custom had established through the medium of warlike ac[h]lievements." This has always perplexed the apostles of Jingoism.

The tenth volume of Dr. Thwaites's "Early Western Travels, 1748-1846" (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.), is usefully composed of reprints of works bearing on a colony of English emigrants of character and breeding in Edwards County, in southeastern Illinois—"English Prairie," now to be

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located at Albion. A polemical literature, fostered by Cobbett, sprung up over it, and Dr. Thwaites gives us Hulme's Journal, 1818-19 (chiefly remarkable for its incidental notice of Rapp's Harmony), Flower's Letters, 1819-21, and Woods's 'Two Years' Residence,' 1820-21—this last the most important on the economic side. The Birkbecks and Flowers of the English colony were efficient co-workers with Gov. Edward Coles in excluding slavery from Illinois. Flower's pictures of slavery are brief but to the life. "Anything," he remarks, "that a black is made to perform, is pronounced unfit for whites."

It is nearly ninety years since Francis Asbury died, and more than fifty since the chief edition of his Journal was printed. The memory of this main pioneer and organizer of American Methodism is now honored by substantial extracts, covering the forty-five years of his ministry in this country, in a revised and corrected text, edited by Ezra Squier Tipple, D.D., as 'The Heart of Asbury's Journal,' and published in a thick octavo by Eaton & Mains, New York, for the Methodist Book Concern. The author wrote by fits and starts, under all the difficulties of a laborious and constant itinerary, and the compiler has not improved his unpretentious jottings beyond recognition; but one may find items of antique or curious interest. Thus, the future Superintendent observed November 26, 1784, as a day of fasting and prayer in view of his coming ordination, etc., and was "not tickled with the honor to be gained." On August 12, 1773, "a serious negro was powerfully struck; and though he made but little noise, yet he trembled so exceedingly that the very house shook." On the same day, apparently, "we saw a little woman with neither hands nor feet; yet she could walk, card, spin, sew, and knit." Illustrations (from Hurst's 'History of Methodism') are numerous, and the Index fills eight double-columned pages.

Drenthe, poorest and obscurest by far of the Dutch provinces, gave birth in 1776 to Harm Jan Huidekoper, who emigrated at twenty and made haste to become a good American. After ten years spent at Oldenbarneveld, N. Y., in Philadelphia, and in travel, mostly in the employ of the Holland Land Company, he settled at Meadville, Pa., where he attained prosperity and importance, and did much to improve the town. Imbibing liberal views, he founded the local Unitarian church, and made it a centre of influence when that faith was (to put it mildly) an unwelcome stranger in the region. Through life he served his adopted communion with pen and purse, editing and mainly writing the *Essayist* (1831-2), the precursor of the *Western Messenger*, and promoting the foundation and enlargement of the Meadville Theological School. His generosity went beyond bounds of sect; "'Charge it to Huidekoper' became a current saying as widely known as 'Nobody knows but Huidekoper, and he won't tell.'" Not his worst epitaph would be the saying of a child to whom he thought himself unknown: "Oh yes, I do; you are the man who builds churches and schools"—with his prompt response, that there was something much better to build than those, namely, character. In 1852, some twenty months before his death, an enthusiastic visitor described him as "the most ideally beautiful old man, . . . the perfect host, . . . the indomitable subduer of the wilderness, the eager enlightener and student of advancing Biblical criticism, the practical Christian with a trace yet lingering in him of the old controversial fire, and yet, above and beyond all else, the promoter of good works, the lover of his kind." His memoir, by Nina M. and Francis Tiffany, printed at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, is in a more restrained style than this passage would indicate; and if parts of it have a somewhat archaic air, recording the subject's proficiency in Scripture and in confutation of the orthodox, these indicate one phase of an earnest life. One of his daughters became Mrs. James Freeman Clarke, and some of his descendants are still in or near Boston. The Index is liberal, and the genealogy equally full, going back to 1530. The appendix on the Holland Land Company should have some historical value.

The forty-fifth volume of the publications of the Oxford Historical Society, 1903-4 (H. Frowde), is entitled 'The Ancient Kalendar of the University of Oxford,' edited by Christopher Wordsworth. The manuscript of the calendar, whose date is about 1337, is in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. It was composed in the first place for French use, and perhaps came from Caudebec, in Normandy. But it was adapted in the same century by interlineations and additions to serve as an Oxford Calendar. In 1868 it was published in Anstey's 'Munimenta Academica,' but the idea of the Historical Society in getting out this reprint is to indicate more fully than was done by Anstey the obliterated passages in the old calendar, and to make the present edition as far as possible a facsimile of the original, now much faded. As one looks through it, it reminds one of nothing so much as of Hesiod's catalogue of lucky and unlucky days. The "Egyptian days" were so called because the Plagues of Egypt fell on them. It was not the whole day, but some hour in each—the hour when the plague struck—that was thus solemnly banned. There were two days in every month styled Egyptian, which, it will be observed, calls for twenty-four, not ten plagues. It cannot have been easy to remember that the sixteenth day of a thirty-one-day month was never unlucky, and that "the first day from the beginning and the seventh day from the end of the first month" must be avoided as unlucky for bloodletting. No wonder that a *memoria technica* in verse was placed at the beginning of each month to warn the members of the University. Besides this, and the calendars of the Universities of Paris and Cambridge in the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, the volume contains the text of a 'Computus Manualis' of the early sixteenth century. It is really a University text-book, the forerunner of the publications of the two great English University Presses, and treats of the solar cycle, the festivals and the seasons in about 250 Latin hexameters. Altogether, nine such documents are here reprinted with the fullest possible notes and indices. There are some curious illustrations in facsimile which formed the frontispieces of the MSS.

Deserving of more than the brief mention that we can give them, are M. Yves Guyot's suggestions in 'Les Conflits du Travail et leur Solution' (Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier). He tells us much of the policy and practice of trade-unions in different countries, especially as illustrating their results on production and on the relations between employers and workmen. The solution for which he argues with much force is the organization of labor on an economic basis. The unions, which are now organized for conflict, should be organized for profit. They should be *sociétés commerciales de travail*, selling not their labor, but the products of it, to those with whom they contract. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Brassey described many years ago organizations of this kind among the navvies that he employed in railroad building, and spoke favorably of their operation.

Whatever may be thought of the practical uses of mathematical economics, there can be but one opinion of the merits of the little treatise on the subject by Mr. H. Cunynghame, entitled 'A Geometrical Political Economy' (H. Frowde). The author has the rare art of being brief without being obscure, and his enthusiasm for his method is really contagious. He assures his readers that the book requires of them no knowledge of mathematics except such geometry as is acquired at school, and very little of that; nor is the claim exaggerated. Every one who is fond of mathematics will agree with the author that "the geometrical method is so charming when once it is grasped, and enables somewhat recondite laws to be so clearly seen, that its mastery is worth an effort." No doubt, when premises are given, conclusions may be elegantly drawn by means of diagrams; but, after all, the great thing in economics is to establish the premises, and in this process the abstractions of mathematics are of little use.

In parts 28, 29, the General Catalogue of Italian Publications from 1847 to 1899 (Milan: Hoepli; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) advances to the middle of the letter S. It is noteworthy that only three of the 114 works of Ruskin are in the list, the 'Stones of Venice' not among them, and all in the last decade of the last century. Scott is still in request, with 'Ivanhoe' at the head in number of editions. He falls but a little short of Shakspere, who fills three-quarters of a page, with "Hamlet" (a new abridgment for the Italian stage was made in 1899) and "Othello" to the fore, while "Romeo and Juliet" (or, by Italian courtesy, "Giulietta e Romeo"), "The Merchant of Venice," and "Julius Cæsar" follow close. But one separate issue of "Two Gentlemen of Verona" is recorded—in 1870. A translation of Shelley's 'Adonais' appeared in 1899, and in that decade there was a distinct Shelley revival in the peninsula. Schiller is alive in fresh translations; Schopenhauer, too, from 1888 to 1898. Savigny's 'Roman Law' was brought out anew in eight volumes between 1886 and 1898. George Sand is still a favorite, and Jules Sandeau was issued up to 1886; Scribe lingers if he does not hold his own, but Sardou shows no wane. The schools make steady request for Sallust, and for Xenophon (Senofonte) in particular. Fra Salimbene's Chronicle had for its two poles 1857 and 1882. The one American author we have noticed in this part of the alphabet is Sankey, whose Hymns were published in 1889.

The prominent feature of the *National Geographic Magazine* for February is the article on Russia by our former minister, Mr. Charles Emory Smith. The difficulties

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with which the Czar's Government has to grapple are lucidly explained, and just tribute is paid to the endeavors of such men as Vishnegradski and Witte to improve the condition of the people. "Russia has ministers, but no ministry"; and attempted reform has failed because "advance has been from the top, not from the bottom," are two of his terse statements. He closes with a reference to the wonderful recuperative powers of the Russians, and hopes that through the present trials the empire will enter on a new and brighter epoch. The conditions of the coast surveys of the world are shown, with the aid of maps, by Mr. G. W. Littlehales, in which we note the fact that "nearly all of the coasts of the empire of Japan have been completely surveyed and charted." Our consul at Hangchau gives a most interesting account of the vitally important part which Chinese canals play in furnishing food, fertilizers, irrigation, and means of transportation to the people. This number of the magazine contains, as a supplement, a chart of the world on Mercator's projection, showing the submarine cable lines and their connections and ocean routes. Tables of distances are printed at the bottom of the chart, and add much to its usefulness.

The completion of the fiftieth volume of *Petermann's Mitteilungen* is appropriately commemorated by the editor, Dr. Supan, in the December number. He reproduces Dr. Petermann's salutatory dated February 15, 1855, in which the object of his new journal is modestly said to be "the adding in some small degree to the general knowledge of the new or especially important investigations in the sphere of telluric science." There have been published 1,451 sets of maps and charts, of which 293 were of Africa and 59 of North America, and 14,800 notices of publications. From an examination of the various rainfall statistics Professor Kassner shows that the moistest place in Europe is Crkvice, on the Dalmatian coast, where the average annual precipitation is 186 inches [4,719 mm.]. A brief account is given of the various attempts to solve the question of the possibility of a northeastern passage through the Siberian ocean, with a notice of the proposed Greenland biological station at Godhavn, which will serve for observations of the aurora, earthquakes, and other natural phenomena, while there will be a garden in which to study the effects of light and temperature on plant growth. Attempts will also be made to give the natives an industrial education with especial reference to fishing and trapping.

With the present year a new high-grade journal has made its appearance in Paris entitled *Revue Germanique*, supported by the Universities of Lille, Lyons, and Nancy. The reviews will embrace German, English, Dutch, and Scandinavian books. The list of contributors includes many of the leading scholars of France.

An interesting innovation in the line of book-dealers' catalogues has just been made by the house of Eugene Diederichs of Jena. It contains not only elegant illustrations and samples of texts, but also twelve introductory essays of scientific value in the different branches of literature represented in the catalogue, prepared by recognized authorities, *e. g.*, Hermann Büttner on German Mysticism, Dr. Christlieb on German History and Culture, Karl König on Religion, and the publisher himself on the "Kultur der Bücher." In the last-mentioned essay it is noteworthy that so good an authority as Diederichs acknowledges that, externally, English books still stand vastly above the level of German books. The Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* rejoices at this open confession, because it is foolish to close one's eyes to actual facts.

The recent visit of the Viceroy of Nankin to St. John's College, Shanghai, an institution maintained by our Protestant Episcopal Church, has a peculiar significance as showing that one of the most prominent officials in the Empire, the ruler of nearly 70,000,000 people, does not hesitate to show publicly his interest in the Christian education of his countrymen. Accompanied by his secretaries and the chief local officials, he inspected the buildings, including St. Mary's Hall, the school for girls, attended the class sessions, and examined the text-books. The next day he sent $350 to be distributed in prizes to the students of both institutions for the best essays on certain assigned subjects. He also bought 200 copies of the New Testament from the American Bible Society, saying that he meant to distribute them among his leading officers. The standing of St. John's College may be gathered from the fact that there are nearly 300 students, and application for admission must be made a year in advance. Another sign of the awakened educational interest is the establishment of many native so-called "Anglo-Chinese schools." The instruction given in them is somewhat problematical, judging from the advertisement of one of them in a native paper: "English taught as far as the letter G."

The narration of Nehemiah How's Captivity noticed by us last week is the fourth volume in Burrows Brothers Co.'s Captivity series—not the first as we inadvertently stated.

—'A Memorial Biography' of Eugene Augustus Hoffman, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., has been prepared by his former colleague, Dr. T. M. Riley, and privately printed in two handsome octavos at the Marion Press (Jamaica, N. Y.), liberally illustrated with portraits and representations of the churches wherein its subject officiated—at Elizabeth and Burlington, N. J., and in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, 1853-79—and of the buildings which he erected for the Episcopal General Theological Seminary, of which he was the very capable head and eminent benefactor from 1879 till his death in 1902. This latter position especially was conspicuous and widely influential, and the book should be welcome to the many who knew the Dean personally and honored him for his work: it is appreciative, orderly, and so full that its 795 pages of noble type leave nothing to be desired except an index. It even reproduces a Rutgers College Mock Programme of 1847. Dr. Hoffman came of old Knickerbocker stock; he was of the quiet, conservative type, "a man of affairs, with special genius for business and executive work," and with nothing sensational about him but the inherited wealth which increased his means of usefulness. As his biographer says: "He was never primarily a theologian, or indeed primarily anything but an admirably well-balanced man, in whom the note of our common nature was always predominant. . . . . He wrote no great books; he ventilated no schemes of sociological or of theological improvement to the world; he offered no advice to the public for the reconstitution of human society. He simply abode in the path of achievement marked out for him by his office as a priest, and by his gifts of constitution and rule. . . . . And so he became great, because he was faithful, humble, wise, modest."

—The biography of a living revivalist, by one of his followers, will be received with grains by those not of the fold; yet the Baroness de Bertouch begins her 'Life of Father Ignatius, O.S.B., the Monk of Llanthony' (E. P. Dutton & Co.), with an appeal "to those who *think*" (the italics are her own). But for this warning, the topic and its treatment might appear better adapted to those who merely feel. Joseph Leycester Lyne was born in London in 1837, and ordained deacon in 1860. As curate at Plymouth he healed the sick, cast out devils, etc. He soon assumed the Benedictine habit, headed a community, and at twenty-five began "his campaign against World and Church"—happily, for the reformation, not destruction, of both; his aim being to save souls, to reëstablish monachism as in the early British Church, and incidentally to suppress heresy, or any opinions adverse to his own. His miraculous gifts, with visions and revelations, continued. Thus, in 1873, when his abbey church was building, a heavy crate of stones fell upon a workman, crushing him out of human semblance. The abbot, being called to the scene, sprinkled some Lourdes water upon the body, which thereupon, after "one single and mighty thrill," arose unscarred and walked home. This was not the only time he raised the dead, or near it. He had other talents, less uncommon but perhaps of equal practical utility—a highly vital and emotional temperament, unbounded confidence in his powers and his cause, a ready tongue, and (presumably) good lungs. So cocksure and irrepressible an evangelist, when unhampered by small scruples of modesty, courtesy, and charity, should be able to command audiences and exert a wide influence. And he did. Crowds followed his preaching; admirers, disciples, converts thronged about him; nor were means wanting to carry out his plans—see the pictures of his cloister, his lawn, his elaborately carved chair. Thus he thrived under obloquy and persecution, for he lacked not the courage of his convictions. When that "semi-infidel" Dean Stanley, who had called Lyne "about the last primitive Christian left on earth," was asked to preach at Scarborough, the Father held an opposition service there on the same day. After Dr. Jowett's death, he went to Oxford to protest against the honors paid to that "demagogue," the guilty translator of "Plato's abominations"; and it was not his fault that the students would not hear him through. In 1890-91, while in America, he almost ended "Heber Newton's days of unchecked infidelity," but unluckily was less successful with "another unfaithful preacher of the Word—a certain Dr. Rainsforth [*sic*]—and the famous Phillips Brooks." The Baroness's 600 octavo pages contain much more edification of this peculiar flavor.

—'Men and Manners of the Third Republic,' by the late Albert D. Vandam (James Pott

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& Co.), was left unfinished at the time of the author's death. A publishers' note tells us that the second half of the book "was extant in the shape of papers and contributions to periodicals." To make out the volume, materials of this kind were used, though the publishers profess to have followed the author's own design, and also to have edited with all possible care such portions of the book as had not been revised by the author himself. Mr. Vandam will probably be remembered less as a veteran journalist than as "the Englishman in Paris" whose anonymous autobiography aroused so much interest in 1892. The tone of the present work is extremely journalistic, and its historical value depends altogether on the credit which one attaches to Mr. Vandam's "notes." Any intelligent man who had been a journalist for twenty years, would have enough gossip of one kind or another to fill out three hundred pages, especially if he gave free rein to his likes and antipathies. Dislike of Gambetta and admiration for Jules Simon are among the chief elements of the present narrative. Altogether, the Third Republic receives quite as hard treatment here as it gets from Mr. Bodley in his more dispassionate account of modern France. Mr. Vandam did not shrink, in contrasting the French politicians of recent days with the men of the Second Empire, from acknowledging his preference for the latter; or at least he was willing to state that, as a statesman and diplomatist, Louis Napoleon stood head and shoulders above any of the republicans except Thiers. If his diplomacy failed, its failure is ascribed to the limiting action of the French Chamber, which cramped his policy where Bismarck was able to carry through his plans by sheer dictation. Charges of wholesale peculation are brought so sweepingly against our own contemporaries as to dispel all belief in the morality of French statesmen. Apropos of the fortunes amassed by ministers through stock-jobbing operations, the author says: "I could prove that not only Talleyrand and Louis Philippe did this, but that absolutely every man of the Third Republic, with the exception of five, whose names I must for obvious reasons omit, owe the large fortunes they have amassed to those methods." Statements of this sort, in point of form, at least, take us back to the Grub Street literature of the eighteenth century. Much that is here said about the iniquities of French political life may be quite true, and the book, taken in small quantities at a time, is not devoid of a certain interest. But a rigorous criticism would show that the historian must quote it, if at all, with care.

—'Napoleon's British Visitors and Captives,' by Mr. J. G. Alger (James Pott & Co.), is similar in tone and character to such other books by the same author, as 'Englishmen in the French Revolution' and 'Glimpses of the French Revolution.' That is to say, it consists largely of biographical notices, none of which runs to any great length, but of which a large number are crowded into a single volume. After the Peace of Amiens the tide of British tourists at once set strongly toward Paris, for, apart from the amusements of that gay city, there was a general curiosity to see how far its outward aspect had changed since the opening of hostilities between England and France in 1793. On the renewal of war in 1803, Napoleon detained many Englishmen as hostages, and some of these languished in Paris and other parts of France for years. By its subject Mr. Alger's work recalls Miss Alice Baker's book on the New England captives in Canada, but Napoleon detained far more people than were carried off from Deerfield and other places in New England during the course of the French raids. Those who are familiar with Forsyth's excellent handbook on Italy will remember that it was a by-product of the writer's captivity in France. If one could only attract the notice of Napoleon or Josephine, there was some hope of securing a release, and literary distinction furnished the best ground for an appeal to the Emperor's clemency. Forsyth was seized by the French police at Turin, on May 25, 1803, while returning home by way of the Cenis, with no intention whatever of entering France. Why this Scottish schoolmaster should have been apprehended it is hard to imagine, unless we assume that Napoleon wished to lay hands on every Britisher in sight. We need not follow the adventures of any single captive in detail, but Forsyth's misfortunes, as related by his brother, show how uncomfortable a British captive might be in France, and how difficult it was to escape from the country. Mr. Alger, through recourse to the police records of Paris, has been able to prepare a more accurate list of visitors and captives than was available to writers of the Dictionary of National Biography. "The most vivid picture," he says, "of the life and treatment of the captives is gained from the police bulletins daily prepared for Napoleon and now preserved in the French archives. They also throw a flood of light on the character of Napoleon's internal rule, yet, so far as I know, no French historian has as yet utilized them, and I have every reason to believe that I am the first English writer who has consulted them." This volume contains a good deal of gossip, not unmixed with pure scandal, but it is a mine of anecdote, and contains a wonderfully full directory of the Englishmen with whom Napoleon came in contact prior to his first overthrow.

SAINTSBURY'S MODERN CRITICISM.

Modern Criticism. [A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe. Vol. III.] By George Saintsbury. Dodd, Mead & Co. Pp. 656.

Mr. Saintsbury's first volume dealt with classical and mediæval criticism, his second covered the three centuries from the Renaissance to the death of eighteenth-century Classicism; the third and last surveys the nineteenth century, with some casting back to the eighteenth to pick up the dissenters and pioneers whose heresies have now become orthodoxy. Many if not most histories of literature tend to put on speed towards the finish, but in the story of criticism the plot thickens as the centuries advance. Moreover, the minor critics whom time has had no chance to smother must have each his page or paragraph, and many who already show a distinct weakening of vitality must be revived and brought into line with the rest. At this rate one volume a century is not unreasonable. Mr. Saintsbury set out to write an appreciation of the critics of all times and nations, a sort of history that can never be impersonal or impartial. But he declares that all he aims at giving is an atlas of the facts, and expressly declines to supply the complement of theory; he refuses to define that single purpose held, where'er they fared, by most of the critics reviewed in this volume. The port they sought was Romanticism; but when you ask him what precisely he means by that, he will only answer that it was the port they sought. That evasion is the key-note of the book. He is ready, like Matthew Arnold when asked for a definition of the grand style, to let those who can neither make definitions of their own nor put up with mere appreciation, "die in their sins." *Der Teufel hole alle Theorien!*—and he is welcome to the definitions also. Lessing, "with all his talent and freshness," had not attained to this level of individualistic criticism. He said in the 'Dramaturgie,' of Corneille's "Rodogune," that "the revenge of an ambitious woman should never resemble that of a jealous one." On which Mr. Saintsbury remarks: "*Æternum vulnus!* What is *the* revenge of *an* ambitious woman?'—'*the* revenge of *a* jealous one?' Show me the revenge of your jealous Amaryllis, the revenge of your ambitious Neæra, and then I will tell you whether they are right or not." His disgust is the greater because Lessing, though he had one foot still clogged in Classicism, had set the other in the excellent way that led to Romanticism. Mr. Saintsbury is, in fact, a sort of Protagoras. The individual man is the measure of all things literary; what seems admirable to me is admirable, and what seems so to you is admirable also since you admire it. That is his canon—to have no canons. "A man's likings are facts in criticism for him."

The Neo-Classic error was to have a definite critical goal, to set limits, to give too little rope to the unlimited variety of human genius, to force each of its manifestations into one of the existing categories, one of the literary kinds. This made it decidedly awkward for the novel and the ballad, those interesting outlaws. Romanticism changed all that, and here we have the story of the literary revolution that was being prepared even in the eighteenth century. It is really the story of how criticism learned to follow literature and to give up setting the pace. The New Critic was one who, confronted with a drama, whether of Shakspere or another, applied no test derived from Aristotle or Horace, shut his eyes to the "unities," followed his feelings, and asked himself whether he liked it and how and why.

Three commandments Mr. Saintsbury formulates for the guidance of a critic and for his critical principles:

"He must read, and, as far as possible, read everything. If he omits one period of a literature, even one author of some real, if ever so little, importance in a period, he runs the risk of putting his view of the rest out of focus. . . . He must constantly compare books, authors, literatures, indeed, to see in what each differs from each, but never in order to dislike one because it is not the other. Thirdly, he must, as far as he possibly can, divest himself of any idea of what a book *ought to be*, until he has seen what it is."

Not all even of the "modern" critics have kept these commandments.

Mr. Saintsbury devotes the first third of

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the volume to "The Dissolvents of Neo-Classicism," to the men who mutinied against the preceptist attitude. For some of these we hark back to the eighteenth century, and revive some of the smaller fry among Swiss, German, and English critics—among the last, Bishop Hurd and John Mason, interesting only to the specialist in criticism who sees in a single independent judgment another nail in the coffin of Classicism. Lessing and Diderot come in here, reserved for this volume, the latter because he was "the first considerable critic known to history who submits himself to any, to every work of art which attracts his attention, as if he were a 'sensitized' plate," and the former because, inspired by Diderot, he himself set out to revalue critical principles. Many readers will think that the most interesting pages in this section are those on Chateaubriand, for the complete appreciation of whose place as a literary critic one must still of course turn to Sainte-Beuve. Here we may note how the subjectivity of individualistic criticism leads to disagreement about critical principles among the Romantics themselves. Mr. Saintsbury cannot endure the method of Saint-Marc Girardin because he wrote studies of 'L'Amour Conjugal chez Shakespeare,' and "'La Jalousie' in this, that, and the other. . . . These things seem to me to be learning's labor lost. Study Othello, study Leontes, as much as you like. . . . but not to extract a dead essence in a bottle and label it 'Jealousy in Shakespeare'—or rather *in vacuo*." Now Sainte-Beuve, a true Romantic in Mr. Saintsbury's sense, devoted to Girardin a short sarcastic *Causerie* full of faint praises and saving-clauses, rallying him because he had too thoroughly converted the ardent youth of France from its dreams of being a great poet or dying in the attempt, to the more positive ambition to live and be a *préfet* by twenty-five. But Sainte-Beuve expressly admired Girardin for his new and bold history of the passions that are the springs of the drama, and went on to show that Girardin had borrowed this historical treatment of sentiment from Chateaubriand himself, who, in his 'Génie du Christianisme,' "choisit les sentiments principaux du cœur humain, les caractères de père, de mère, d'époux et d'épouse, et il en suit l'expression chez les anciens et chez les modernes." This is a typical instance of a certain superfluity of personal judgment in Mr. Saintsbury's work as a whole. One must always remember, in reading him, that he writes with the strongest possible bias, and that, however useful and even indispensable to the student of literature his History is, it is rather as a work of reference than as a storehouse of reliable literary judgments.

The second third of the book deals with the "Reconstruction of Criticism," with a chapter each to England, France, and Germany; England, of course, leading with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, and the rest, their companions or opponents. For the opponents such as Gifford there is short shrift. Here Mr. Saintsbury is at his best with Coleridge, whom he ranks as the third great critic of all the ages, with Aristotle and Longinus. It would be well, indeed, if the 'Biographia Literaria' were as familiar to students of literature as the 'Poetics' and the 'Treatise on the Sublime,' but we imagine that few except specialists in English literature ever look into it. Mr. Saintsbury's exhortation to the reader is characteristic:

"Begin with him, continue with him, come back to him after excursions, with a certainty of suggestion, stimulation, correction, edification. *C'est mon métier à moi d'être professeur de littérature*, and I am not going to *parvify* my office. But if anybody disestablished us all (with decent pensions, of course), and applied the proceeds of our chairs to furnishing the boxes of every one who goes up to the university with a copy of the 'Biographia Literaria,' I should decline to be the person chosen to be heard against this revolution."

No wonder that Mr. Saintsbury's critics are always asking how a man who expresses himself like that can expect one to heed him on questions of literary tact and taste. It is amusing to find him, on page 22, suggesting that "if I found any encouragement to do so, I would very gladly write" a book on the general subject of "Taste."

France makes up for her vacillation in politics and religion by her conservatism in literature. It was easier, as some one has said, for the French to overthrow Christianity than to dispute the authority of Boileau. The performance of "Hernani" in 1830 is usually reckoned as the triumphant début of French Romanticism; but there had been precursors of Hugo, and of Sainte-Beuve, who is the greatest figure among the French critics of the nineteenth century. He has the lion's share of the whole volume, and is treated to an unstinted appreciation, tinctured by a certain patronage that would have infuriated Matthew Arnold. "We want a little more theory; some more enthusiasm; a higher and more inspiring choice of subjects." Mr. Saintsbury cannot tolerate the French "scientific" critic, of whom Hennequin is the type, going further, as he did, even than Nisard and Taine. Hennequin, in fact, offers one of those cases in which personal prejudice makes anything like a fair estimate impossible to our author. If he had not wisely confined his history to the critics who are no longer living, we can imagine with what gusto he would have attacked M. Brunetière, who is certainly the most formidable of the party of reaction to Neo-classicism.

The last third of the volume, devoted to "The Later Nineteenth Century," includes a study of English criticism from 1860 to 1900, and has for its central figure one of the "greater critics," Matthew Arnold. His chief heresy, in Mr. Saintsbury's judgment, is his insistence that in poetry all depends on the subject. Now, to hold the doctrine of the "Poetic Subject," as against what he calls the doctrine of the "Poetic Moment," is enough in itself to antagonize Mr. Saintsbury. Nor can he endure Arnold's limitations of "the Grand Style" by the prescription of "simplicity, severity, and seriousness." Here is a "fresh formulation of the classical restraint . . . against the Romantic fantasy." The preceptist manner of Arnold, his neglect of the historical method in dealing with a subject like Celtic literature, his attempt to "reconstruct the classic faith, taking in something, but a carefully limited something, of Romanticism," are wholly opposed to Mr. Saintsbury's ideals, and he revenges himself by calling Arnold a "*neotato*-classic," which, to a man of Arnold's fastidiousness, would have been punishment enough. It is, however, in his pages on Arnold, whom he does in the end rank high, for all his reactionary tendencies, that Mr. Saintsbury is at his best on the subject of "the Poetic Moment—the sudden transcendence and transfiguration—by treating poetically, that is to say, by passionate interpretation, in articulate music—of *any* idea or image, *any* sensation or sentiment."

In an Appendix that has an historical interest, Mr. Saintsbury outlines the contributions to criticism of those who have held the Oxford chair of poetry with the exception of Arnold, who had of course been treated separately. The contribution of the rest was indeed slight. Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury' is the most notable, and it is stretching a point to call that criticism. The second appendix is devoted to American Criticism. There the author's rule of omitting living writers narrows his range. Ticknor, the first American critic who counts, is admitted to be more of an historian. Longfellow's criticism Mr. Saintsbury bids one gather from his poems, which is more than he had allowed to Keats. Emerson is "Carlyle *plus* Vinet," which means that he will not consent to look on literature as literature, but must always be dragging in ethics and transcendentalism. Whipple is brought into a prominence that will surprise many of his countrymen. Poe is treated very fairly; Lowell is given his proper place as "the premier critic of America"; and Lanier is damned in a few trenchant phrases. Mr. Saintsbury dismisses American criticism with a word of regret that it should "go too much to Germany for patterns," but grants that on the whole it is growing more cosmopolitan and more learned. Considering how little on the whole he thinks of our dead critics, he has been generous with his allowance of sixteen pages, especially in a work whose title limits it to Europe.

We need not dwell on Mr. Saintsbury's astonishing industry or the perseverance that must have been needed to carry through a work like this. It was in some ways a thankless task to undertake. Few have suffered more at the hands of his own critics than Mr. Saintsbury in his literary career. He is continually assuring his readers (or rather, one supposes, his critics) that he has really read all these works of all ages and in several languages, the mere bibliography of which would fill a volume. He realized, too, that, besides his scholarship, his point of view laid him open to the unfriendly. So few people like pure criticism as much as he does. They prefer it "allayed and sweetened by sentimental, or political, or religious, or philosophical, or anthropological, or pantopragmatic adulteration" (p. 543). They like the sort of criticism they get in the *Spectator*, that "very respectable newspaper," as Mr. Saintsbury calls it, and they adored R. H. Hutton, who is his *bête noire*. Mr. Saintsbury is still smarting from the reviewers of his first two volumes, and constantly protects himself in footnotes which spike the guns of a reviewer who should suspect him not to know what he only omits.

The style of the volume is deplorable. A good instance of Mr. Saintsbury's manner is his saying of Milman: "He manages to be as little literary as is possible, and rather less than one might have thought to be; and his much better known Histories are not more so" (p. 621). As we have seen

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above, he will suddenly drop into another tongue, as on page 515, where he says, "*Vixere fortes post* Mr. Arnold; let us hope that *vivunt*." On page 512 he tells us that "there is much more, as well as some, if not quite enough, performance." See, too, the amazing note to page 139. He uses terrible phrases, such as "judge just judgment," "among society" (which reminds one of Scott's "among bubbling blood"), "very mainly," "very most impossible," and words like "unicity," "inamoration," "disrealize," which have been used either not at all or as conceits by seventeenth-century writers. His offences against taste are of various kinds; perhaps the most exasperating is his reference to great men by their Christian names. He prefers to call Wordsworth "W. W.," Hugo "Victor," and so on. The climax of absurdity is in a footnote to page 127, which reads simply, "*v.* Victor upon William," and leaves the reader under the necessity of hunting in the text to discover that he means Hugo and Shakspere. On page 100 a quotation from Euripides is misspelt.

YOUNGHUSBAND IN MANTCHURIA.

The Heart of a Continent: A Narrative of Travels in Mantchuria, across the Gobi Desert, through the Himalayas, the Pamirs, and Hunza, 1884-1894. By Col. Francis Edward Younghusband, C.I.E., Indian Army, British Commissioner for Tibet Frontier Matters. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

The prominence of Col. Younghusband in connection with the recent expedition to Tibet, as well as the renewed interest in the whole region traversed, amply justifies the republication in cheaper form of the volume issued several years ago, and but summarily noticed by us. The explorations in Mantchuria were made in 1886, long before the Russians had thought of occupying the region. During that time Col. Younghusband accompanied Sir Evan James, whose book, 'The Long White Mountain,' was the best guide to Mantchuria up to the time of the Russian occupation. Indeed, no one else has traversed Mantchuria more thoroughly than did these pioneer explorers at a time when it was practically a closed country.

For full details of their remarkable journey, Mr. James's book must be consulted; but the brief account of it given by Col. Younghusband is sufficiently full for ordinary purposes, and is replete with both interesting and valuable information. One is surprised to find the extent to which the Chinese, even at that time, were not only importing, but manufacturing, arms of the latest pattern. At Kirin, native superintendents and workmen were turning out, without any European guidance, magazine rifles, Gatling guns, and field guns "in a very creditable fashion." The Chinese manager had actually invented new machinery and a magazine rifle. The heavy guns manufactured here were found mounted at Sansing and other places, whence they had been carried by great effort during the winter season, when snow covered the ground and frost congealed the swamps and marshes over which they had to be dragged. In the various fortifications in Mantchuria, as later upon the western borders of Mongolia, there was nothing really lacking upon the part of the Chinese, except their fatal inattention to details in the preservation of their arms. The rifles and guns were everywhere allowed to rust, so that, when brought into use, they uniformly failed to accomplish their purpose. These facts are a warning to all European nations of what may happen when the Chinese catch the spirit which is now animating the Japanese, and give themselves in earnest to the perfection of their military organization and discipline.

Col. Younghusband was greatly surprised, both in Mantchuria and throughout his long travels,

"to find what good fellows the Chinamen could be amongst themselves. Seeing only the lower classes, the mule-men, the loafers of the street, and the frequenters of the inns, one is apt to form a very unfavorable impression of the Chinese, and to regard them as a rude, coarse, and unmannerly race, who hate strangers and take little trouble to disguise their feelings. But when one can see the Chinese gentlemen at home, one modifies this impression very considerably. . . . The general impression among Europeans is that Chinamen are cold, hard creatures who have not a laugh in them. . . . Of course, in conversation with Europeans they do not excel; they are lamentably ignorant of geography, for instance, and they generally annoy the stranger by asking if his country is tributary to China. But in the conversation carried on amongst themselves there seem to be many topics quite as good as geography and the weather, and one hears long, well-thought-out and well-expressed arguments on philosophic and moral subjects, freely interspersed with quotations from their classics. A Chinaman is perhaps rather too celestial, rather too much up in the clouds, and above ordinary mortals, and certainly shows too little interest in the common, every-day affairs of this world; but he is an interesting man to meet at home, and, mingled with the irritation which his superciliousness so often inspires, I often had a feeling of real regard for a man who can aspire to such a lofty standpoint as the Chinaman does, and in his case I felt that it was not all simple self-conceit, for he had in him the pride of belonging to an empire which has stood intact for thousands of years, and which was approaching civilization when we ourselves were steeped in barbarism" (pp. 19-20).

The author's observations upon traffic in Mantchuria furnish important facts for reflection to the numerous editors and correspondents who are indulging in forebodings of evil to the Russian army in Mantchuria on account of the inability to bring them supplies over a single-track railroad five thousand miles in length. The truth is, that the region occupied by the Russian army is one of the most fertile in the world, supplying a superabundance of food for both men and animals. The exports of food products from Niu-Chwang have annually been far more than enough to supply both the Russian and Japanese armies.

"The traffic in this winter season was wonderful. I counted in a single day's march over eight hundred carts, all heavily laden and drawn by teams of at least two and many of them nine animals, ponies or mules. A main road in Mantchuria in the winter is a busy scene, and these strings of carts going along on the frosty morning, with the jingling bells on the teams, and the drivers shouting at their animals, were signs of life and animation which we had hardly expected to see after our first experience of the heavy, muddy roads in the summer. . . . I remarked, too, how very well the carters fed their animals. . . . They are given in the day as much as sixteen pounds of grain, besides bran and chopped millet-stalks. . . . Grain, of course, was very cheap and plentiful, but in no other part of Asia have I seen animals so well fed as in Mantchuria, and the result was that their owners could get the fullest amount of work out of them, so that two animals would draw their twelve hundred pounds of goods for thirty miles a day without difficulty" (pp. 42-43).

On April 4, 1887, Col. Younghusband set out with two Chinese servants, one of whom left him in a short time, to make his way across the Gobi Desert to Kashgar and Yarkand, and thence over the Himalayas back to his station in India. So few have ever been over this route that the record of his travels is still one of the best sources of information concerning the region. It is only as the reader follows him slowly across the vast stretches of the desert region in central Asia that he gets any proper conception of the energy which has been shown for many centuries by the Chinese Government in maintaining its authority upon the western border of its empire, and of an equally restless energy which has characterized the merchants, mostly Mohammedans, who have all along kept up an active trade between eastern Turkestan and not only China, but India and Persia, and the whole region to the west of the Tian-Shan Mountains. Two great caravan routes lead westward and northward from western China. One, starting from Kalgan and proceeding northward to Siberia, reaches Lake Baikal at a distance of about one thousand miles. Half way, however, a branch turns off to the west, and, passing through Kobdo and crossing the Altai Mountains, reaches Semipalatinsk after going fifteen hundred miles farther. The line of camels traversing these routes is almost continuous. The traffic carried on by this means between China and Russia has, for centuries, been really enormous, and explains the anxiety (which has been little understood by Western nations) on the part of Russia, to maintain amicable relations with China; explains, also, to some extent, the great influence which Russian diplomatists have exercised with the Chinese authorities. The opposition by the central Russian Government to the expansive policy of Muravieff fifty years ago in acquiring the Amur, and of Alexieff during the last decade in getting a foothold in Mantchuria, has been largely due to the fear of incurring the ill-will of the Chinese along the extensive border separating China from Russia and central Asia, and of interrupting this friendly traffic.

The more southern caravan route, which was followed by our author, is longer and through a more inhospitable region, and is less used than the northern, until one reaches the southern border of the Tian-Shan Mountains. After going about six hundred miles from Pekin to Quei-hwa-cheng, our party reached the real starting-point of the caravans from China to western Mongolia. The account of their tedious journey for thirteen hundred miles across the first stage of the route till they reached the eastern point of the Tian-Shan Mountains, though rather monotonous, is by no meant devoid of interest; in fact, it is interesting partly because of its monotony. Upon the ninety-fifth meridian, the eastern extension of the Tian-Shan Mountains was reached, and a new stage of the journey begun. For more than a thousand miles the course led westward along the south-

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ern base of these mountains, and across the innumerable streams which come down from the vast mountain mass, spreading verdure for a considerable distance on each side of their banks, and then disappearing in the desert sands. This alternation of verdure and desert sands is peculiar to travelling in central Asia upon both sides of the immense mountain system which traverses the continent. If the water of these streams were all utilized for irrigation, the capacity of the country for the support of population would be vastly increased. Indeed, few Westerners have any adequate sense of the immense resources of this region which are now largely running to waste. The Tian-Shan Mountains are estimated to contain thirty times the mass of the Alps. For more than a thousand miles their glacial-furrowed and snowy peaks, rising in Khan-tengri to 23,500 feet, form a cloud-like but permanent boundary to the horizon; while at their western extremity, as they sweep around the Pamir to join the Himalaya Mountains, they present to view a semicircle of lofty peaks of which the Alps in southern Italy are but a miniature. Many of their peaks rise above 20,000 feet, several to more than 26,000, and K.2, the second highest mountain of the world, reaches the height of 28,278 feet. The base of these mountains on either side is bordered by alluvial deposits which vie in richness with those of the Nile, and exceed them in extent many fold. The supply of water, moreover, is more constant than that of the Nile. Whereas the Nile is dependent upon the great lake reservoirs of equatorial Africa, which are somewhat oscillating in their level, the supply of water for the streams of both eastern and western Turkestan is kept in "cold storage" upon these immense mountain masses, and is let down upon the plains with uniform regularity as the spring and summer months advance. The conditions, indeed, are ideal for the support of a vast population and for a high civilization. It is only the chaotic state of the political and social conditions which keeps these regions in so backward a condition.

After crossing the Himalaya Mountains and returning to his station in India, our author was almost immediately commissioned to return to Yarkand, for the purpose of exploring the various passes across the frontier. This expedition occupied seventeen months. The two expeditions involved probably more mountain climbing in high altitudes than any other single explorer has ever accomplished. The lowest of the passes, the Shimshal, was 15,000 feet, while the Mustagh pass was 19,000 feet. It is difficult to see how such inaccessible passes as these can be of any particular military importance, when either side of the mountain is occupied by a strong force. The truth is, that the boundary between Russia, Mongolia, and India as now established is a natural one, forming a scientific frontier of defence; so that the alarm which is frequently spread over England at the occupation of these passes by Russia is groundless.

Space forbids further enumeration of the many interesting observations and experiences recorded in this volume. It remains only to say that the half-dozen illustrations are well chosen and finely executed, but that the map, while giving a general view of the whole region traversed, is so defective in the region of the Pamir as to be actually misleading.

TWO LACE BOOKS.

The Lace Book. By N. Hudson Moore. Frederick Stokes Co. 1904.

Lace: Its Origin and History. By Samuel L. Goldenberg. Brentano's. 1904.

Mr. Hudson Moore tells us in 'The Lace Book,' in a concise form, all that is interesting in the history of the evolution and production of lace in the countries which have given the world the finest examples of this delicate fabric. This handsome volume is illustrated with engravings from famous pictures of distinguished personages, showing how lace was employed in costume at different times; well-chosen, full-size examples are also given of the various kinds of lace; and an index endows the collector and connoisseur with a book of reference. Both type and paper are excellent, but the lace-like border in black and white to every page is extremely fatiguing to the sight, and could well be dispensed with.

Egyptian mummy-cases of the tenth century B.C. show the earliest origin of lace in their decoration with colored threads on flax cloth, in geometrical designs generally, and sometimes in inscriptions. Then came the togas of the Greeks and Romans, with their patterned borders in color or in gold thread. These, when they became worn and frayed at the edges, necessitated stitching across and embroidering the rough threads into some pleasing border, and from this the idea of lace as an independent form of adornment was evolved. The first meaning of lace in English was a cord or line of silk thread used to tie portions of clothing together—the doublet and hose, for instance, or sleeves to the body, or the stays and bodices of ladies' dresses. It is thus used in the Paston letters in 1469. Flanders and Italy have run pretty close to each other in the production of lace, and each lays claim to priority of invention; but it would seem that the earliest mention of this fabric is in the Italian inventories, and its primitive form was in gold and silver thread, in which the Italians certainly first excelled. Coarse threads of flax were afterwards woven in the same manner, and Italian point lace was reputed finer than any other, while the Dutch contributed more to the making of thread lace by the growing of flax and making of fine thread for this purpose.

The flax plant was brought from Egypt originally, and grown in Holland under the care of the best Dutch gardeners, whose aim was to attain delicacy of fibre and silkiness of gloss. Dutch flax became in demand all over Europe through its superiority to any other; it further went through many processes involving infinite labor and sacrifice of eyesight before it became the precious Brussels thread which fetched the price of $1,200 a pound. We are told that to keep the thread moist, so that it should not break, it had to be spun in underground rooms with artificial light; the thread could be twisted only against a black cloth. Flanders, according to our author, cannot substantiate its claim to have been the inventor of pillow-made lace, there being no pattern books published before W. Vosterman's, about the middle of the sixteenth century, and that of Jean de Glen a little later, and in neither of these are there patterns for bobbin-made laces, while in an old Italian inventory of the Sforza sisters of 1493 the following item occurs: "A band of work done with twelve bobbins to trim a sheet."

One of the chief uses to which lace has been put, from its earliest beginnings to our own time, is the decoration of Church vestments and properties, so that all over Europe the richest stores of every variety and provenance are to be found in old cathedrals. Besides robes of the priests and dignitaries of the Church, the saints and madonnas were also decorated with the most splendid and costly lace fabrics, the homage of their devotees. Some of the images of saints were so rich in those garments that they wore a different one each day for high mass, after which they were carefully put away in the sacristy. Even as recently as the jubilee of Pius IX. (June, 1871) the bronze statue of St. Peter in St. Peter's at Rome was attired in an alb and stole of old Venice point lace, with gold embroidered cope, fastened by a clasp of diamonds. We are told, with reference to princely gifts, of a dress of Alençon lace which the Emperor Napoleon III. presented to the Empress Eugénie worth 200,000 francs, which she gave to Pope Pius IX. to be converted into a rochet.

A large quantity of the finest laces were made in Italy in the convents and similar institutions, and some by bodies of paid workers. The Béguinages in Flanders also produced a good deal, but the great ladies of both countries in their homes devoted much time and labor to the finest work in lace to decorate the altars and vestments of their especial churches, and had their handmaidens taught to help them. We are told that in ecclesiastical families the laces belonged to the members of the family, not to the individual, and have thus accumulated into valuable collections. The captive Mary Stuart beguiled the weary hours of imprisonment by making incredible quantities of lace, designing the patterns herself from nature—of birds, fishes, beast, and flowers. It was only among the nobles and those in high position that lace was used. To quote Hudson Moore:

"From the cradle to the grave there was no place or occasion where lace was not worn in profusion, the only limit being the ability of the wearer to gain possession of it. The once beautiful Aurora von Königsmarck, whose form has become the color and consistency of leather, lies in her coffin completely enveloped in folds of costly lace. She left directions that no expense should be spared to purchase Point d'Angleterre, Malines, or guipure for the last adornment of her body, and the jewels also coffined with her are worth a fortune."

This preoccupation for post-mortem finery seems to have been shared by others, for we read of the Duke of Alva (who died in Paris in 1739) being buried in a shirt of finest Holland, trimmed with new point lace, a new wig, a new coat of Vardez cloth, embroidered in silver, and a cane and sword on the right and left side.

Before what we call lace was known, both in Italy and in Flanders very beautiful cut-work was in vogue. It is interesting to note how, when the different styles of lace are divided into periods, the dates in Italy and Flanders are approximately the same. The geometric or Gothic period without brides prevailed from 1480 to 1590. Floral forms held by brides then came in fashion,

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the heavy character of the lace rendering the brides necessary. At this time "modes" began to be introduced (the filling-in stitches were thus named), and until 1670 the development and elaboration increased —heads, figures, birds, and even scenes came into the design, and meshed or net grounds were in use. From 1720 to 1780 the fashion of little bouquets, sprays, flowers, leaves, buds scattered over the ground, was prevalent, and has since been copied to this day, so appropriate do they seem to lace fabric. It was Catherine de Médicis's arrival in France which turned the attention of that country to the production and general use of lace. She brought with her only the primitive forms then in vogue, but France kept pace with the development of lace in Italy. It was a moment when dress was much thought of; the Valois indulged in every costly extravagance of costume. It is stated that at the meeting of the States of Blois, Henry III.'s robes were trimmed with 4,000 yards of pure gold lace. The accounts of the Queen of Navarre exhibit items for cut-work, passements, points for handkerchiefs and rabats, for collars, towels, and lace for sheets, which show that the ten edicts issued during the reign of the Valois to restrain extravagance in dress were of little avail as to their own practice.

It was in 1665 that Colbert started a lace factory at his château of Lonrai, near Alençon. Thirty Venetian women were brought over by him to teach the art in this factory to French workers. This enterprise is generally connected with the name of Madame Gilbert, a native of Alençon, who was at the head of the establishment, and who had learned to make the famous rose point previously in Venice. The lace produced here was called Point de France, and later, under the encouragement of Louis XIV., who published an edict forbidding the use of any other lace in his court circle, was perfected the famous Alençon lace. The burning of 100,000 crowns' worth of Point de Venise and Flanders lace by the hangman publicly in 1670 enforced the King's decree. Alençon lace, however, is equally well made in Venice at the present time, and other laces also are equally well made in Venice, Flanders, and France. Spanish Point especially was largely produced in Flanders and France and smuggled into Spain in quantities, the duty having been raised from 25 to 250 reals per pound. There were no lace factories in Spain; the lacemakers worked at their own homes. The famous gold or silver Point d' Espagne, of which vast quantities were used by Spanish nobles, was made chiefly by the Jews, and its production decreased considerably after their expulsion in 1492. Mr. Moore furnishes complete lists, with descriptions, of each well-known kind of lace made in Italy, the Low Countries, France, England, Ireland, Spain, and Portugal, and his book is full of interesting historical detail connected with the subject.

The author of 'Lace' had in view to make a handy compendium serviceable for commercial purposes. The different kinds of lace are arranged alphabetically, with particulars as to their characteristics, their various subdivisions, and the manner in which they are made. The illustrations are especially clear and useful for purposes of lace study. The book contains much valuable information on machine-made laces, with diagrams and explanations of the lace and embroidery machines now in use. It tells also of the nets made for the foundations of certain kinds of lace. The opening article, treating of the origin and history of lace, affirms on the authority of Felkin that Barbara Uttman, in 1561, was the originator of pillow lace, and taught the peasantry living around the Castle of Annaburg, Belgium, where she lived, this new method, which soon spread through Flanders. Hitherto, all kinds of point lace had been made in the Italian fashion, with the needle and a single thread. We learn from Mr. Goldenberg that machine-made lace is at present vastly more important in commerce than hand-made, which remains a luxury within the reach only of the wealthy. In the United States, through the importation of foreign machines and workmen, attempts are now making to manufacture lace, but sufficient time has not yet elapsed to prove whether the experiment is likely to be successful.

The book is well adapted for its purpose, the enlightenment of "the busy man of affairs," but it is evident that our author is hampered by having to express his meaning in English, and sometimes fails to convey what he intends—for instance, when he says: "Modern real lace is artistic, even superior, but compared with such few specimens as have come down to us of the work of the lace-makers of old, its deficiency, particularly in the matter of the fineness of the execution and thread, is at once apparent." We fail to see, consequently, in what its superiority consists.

Economic Essays. By Charles Franklin Dunbar. Edited by Prof. O. M. W. Sprague, with an introduction by Prof. F. W. Taussig. The Macmillan Co.

Nearly five years have passed since the death of Prof. Charles F. Dunbar removed from the ranks of American economists one who was considered the Nestor of the guild. Great as was the loss of his influence as teacher and as editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, it was a matter for still keener regret that he had died without giving to the world more of the results of his scholarly researches in many fields, particularly in the financial history of the United States. His 'History and Theory of Banking,' his carefully prepared edition of 'The Laws of the United States relating to Currency, Finance, and Banking,' and the articles which he had contributed to the reviews, had given evidence of his quality and aroused lively anticipation of what was to follow. But the pressure of university duties, and, toward the last, failing health, made literary work increasingly difficult, so that the expected *magnum opus* never appeared.

The volume now before us brings together fifteen essays which had been published in various journals, chiefly in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, and adds thereto five others which have never before seen the light. With the former, the task of the editor was comparatively simple; the latter, by the pious care of a disciple, have been brought "as nearly as possible into the form which the author would have wished" to give them. The introduction by Professor Taussig, carefully avoiding mere eulogy, is the fit tribute of a student to a revered master. While the book cannot repair, except in slightest measure, the loss which economic science suffered in Professor Dunbar's death, it is a worthy memorial to one who contributed so much, as teacher, editor, and investigator, to the progress of economic study in the United States.

The mere review of the titles of the twenty essays contained in the volume shows at once the range of the author's intellectual interests and his special fondness for certain topics. The first four essays deal with the history of economic science in America, the academic study of political economy, the conflict between the classical and the historical schools, and Ricardo's use of the facts of economic life. They disclose the wide range of his reading, the clearness and sanity of his judgments, and the insight with which he could interpret both the past and the present of his science. The other sixteen deal with his favorite topics of banking, currency, and finance; and, while six of them treat of current problems—such as the bank-note question, the safety of our legal-tender paper, and the income tax of 1894—the other ten are devoted to the early history of banking or the financial history of the United States. Thus, while it does not do full justice to his attainments, the present volume gives sufficient evidence of Professor Dunbar's firm hold upon his science in its broadest relations, his skill in handling questions of the day, and his special aptitude for patient and fruitful historical research. And, after all, little more than this is given to men who can show a much larger and far more pretentious literary output.

The fifteen essays which this volume merely reprints are sufficiently well known to students, and require no further attention from the reviewer; but something should be said concerning the five now printed for the first time. The first two of these are devoted to the crises of 1857 and 1860, and, by their masterly handling of the many elements that entered into a complex financial situation, furnish the most valuable account of these episodes that has ever been published. The last three are fragments of a larger study "designed to present a history of the national banks." They treat, respectively, of the condition of the State banks in 1860, the establishment of a national banking system, and the circulation of the national banks from 1865 to 1900. While only the last may pretend to be exhaustive, all display the nice workmanship of the author, and must be reckoned with by him who would write the definitive history of our banking system.

If an adequate history of economic science in the United States is ever written, the historian will begin a new chapter at the year 1871, when Professor Dunbar entered upon his career as Professor of Political Economy at Harvard University. This event, followed as it was, shortly, by the appointment of Professor Sumner to a similar chair at Yale, gave the science an independent position in the oldest American universities, and had no small influence upon the future development of economic study in the United States. The 'Economic Essays,' with the other works that had preceded, are not a large output for thirty years of professorial labor; but they are enough to display the quality of the author, and to assure him high rank among American econo-

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mists of the nineteenth century. Moreover, in these days when the stream of economic publications threatens us with a veritable deluge, the present volume is a welcome reminder that, after all, quality is far more important than quantity.

Studies in Virgil. By T. R. Glover. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

In the long list of writings on Virgil and his poetry, Mr. Glover's new book deserves a high place. Nowadays every great teacher realizes that if the classics are to preserve even the place which they still hold in our schools and colleges, they must be more liberally taught than they used to be; that orthography, etymology, prosody, aye, and even syntax (we say it trembling), must be made the means to an end; and that this end should be the direction of the student's attention to the known value of the works which he is reading, and the awakening in him of some instinct for what is good and what is not good as literature in them. Many teachers, especially of the older school, while fully alive to this requirement, are honestly at a loss how to fulfil it. To such, and indeed to all lovers of Virgil, this book may confidently be recommended.

It falls naturally into four parts. The first is a chapter on the age and the man, and in it we are shown how Virgil, himself the child of a darker period, had a vision of a brighter day to come, and taught his countrymen to look forward hopefully to the age which was opening before them. The next consists of three chapters of literary studies: the first treats of the literary influences to which Virgil was subject, the second of his contemporaries, and the third of the growth of the myths about Æneas. In these chapters we find no rehash of parallel passages, no dull collection of words or verses or episodes which Virgil drew from this or that earlier poet, but the question of literary influences is treated in a far broader and more intelligent manner. How far, it is asked, did this or that poet influence *the mind* of Virgil?—more, for instance, than North's Plutarch influenced the mind of Shakspere? Was the poet's outlook on life affected? Did his habitual mode of expressing himself become a mere repetition of the thoughts and the language of others? When such is the issue of literary influence, we feel what Carlyle meant when he spoke of imitation as among the deadliest of poetical sins. But when this is not the case, as Mr. Glover shows it was not with Virgil, then "we realize the substantial truth of Goethe's dictum that 'to make an epoch in the world two conditions are essential—a good head and a great inheritance.'" And elsewhere Goethe added another necessary constituent which was also a part of Virgil's endowment for poetry—love.

The third portion of the book deals, in three chapters, with the land and the nation, the three topics being Italy, Rome, and Augustus. Here we see how "Virgil gave for the first time its literary expression to the triumph of a nation, politically, racially, and geographically one, over the clan and over the city-state," and how he "did for Italy, in some degree, what Scott did for Scotland." On the other hand, his earlier deification of the man Augustus—that "shrewd and successful adventurer, who lived by assimilating the ideas of his uncle"—is conceded to be untrue and ununiversal poetically, and his introduction of Augustus into the Æneid, though prompted by honest motives, is held to be a failure to achieve the highest poetic truth. The last part of the book is on Virgil's interpretation of life, and here we have chapters on Dido, Æneas, Hades, and Olympus, and a final summary. Of these, the chapter about Dido is perhaps the best in the book, and certainly it is one of the most interesting and sensible essays on that famous episode of the Æneid which we have ever read. Nor, in saying this, do we forget Heinze's recent pages in his 'Epische Technik.'

The chapter on Æneas is unconvincing, and almost a failure. On other lines than those of Mr. Glover must the character of that truly unmodern hero be defended, if indeed it can find defence at all with any who are not saturated with ancient ideals. The chapter about Hades was apparently written before the appearance of Norden's recent edition of the Sixth Book. His views, as previously expressed in periodic literature and cited now and then by Mr. Glover, have since undergone considerable modification under the fire of criticism, and this chapter, if ever rewritten, may be much improved by a reconsideration of them. Neither do we care much for the last chapter, in which it is asked how far Virgil realized wherein the problem of the universe consists. But as a whole the book ought to of great assistance to all who wish to get a true conception of the powers and the weaknesses of the greatest of the Roman poets—that one who, more than all the rest, influenced the succeeding literature which is our heritage.

American Estates and Gardens. By Barr Ferree. New York: Munn & Co. 1905.

This is a competent book; but its title is misleading, since it has for its subject those palatial country houses of which so many have been built in America within the last fifteen years. The desire to escape from the city and to live among rural surroundings for at least a part of the year, has taken strong hold upon our people. The wealthy can readily gratify this desire, and so it comes that millionaires by the hundred, and multi-millionaires by the score, have of late bought estates, built houses, and laid out gardens. Why their private houses—country houses in a democratic community—should generally wear an air of sumptuousness and have a distinctly palatial quality, gives food for thought. Enough that, whether we judge them from the many excellent photographs given in this book or from Mr. Ferree's descriptive text, they are for the most part frankly palaces, and palaces that speak as little of their owner's taste, his habits of life, his personality, as do those miles of gilded and be-mirrored apartments that are a weariness to the soul and body of the sight-seer in Europe.

But if the houses say nothing about the owner (except that he is very wealthy), they are eloquent of the training and the technical skill of the men who have designed, decorated, and furnished them. If we are left with a desire for more individuality, for a certain domestic charm that is missing, we could not ask for more stateliness, more splendor, more elaboration. All art demands a choice between the free, the picturesque, the romantic—call it what you will—on the one hand, and the formal, the academic, on the other. The American millionaire (or, more truly, his architect acting as the arbiter of his taste) has very definitely decided that his country house shall be in the latter mode, and if we may judge from the few examples of the other given in this costly volume, that decision is something for which we may be profoundly thankful.

As an accompaniment of our great modern country houses, a garden is almost invariably present, and, fortunately, we at last find it treated as an important factor in the design. Garden designers, whether architects or others, become more and more capable year by year, yet how gladly would one welcome signs of the master's interest in his garden rather than evidence of mere ownership. If our author neglects estates, he deals adequately with gardens, many of his most charming illustrations being drawn from such splendid examples as those of Bellefontaine and Falkner Farms. Whether we regard his book as a record of contemporary domestic architecture of a certain sort, or as a contribution to sociology, it will be of scarcely less interest a hundred years hence than it is to-day.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allaben, Frank. Concerning Genealogies. Grafton Press.
Barnes, James. The Blockaders. Harpers. 60 cents.
Pearce, William P. The Revival Thermometer. Dayton, O.: United Brethren Publishing House. $1.25.
Benson, E. F. An Act in a Backwater. Appleton.
Brooks, Phillips. Christ the Life and Light. Dutton. $1 net.
Burdett's Hospitals and Charities for 1905. London: Scientific Press. 5s. net.
Cahan, A. The White Terror and the Red. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.50.
Carroll, Lewis. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Macmillan Co.
Clarke, James Langton. The Eternal Saviour-Judge. Dutton. $3 net.
De Wiart, Carton. La Cité Ardente. Paris: Perrin & Cie.
Dickerson, Mary C. Moths and Butterflies. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Dougall, L. The Summit House Mystery. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50.
Driscoll, Clara. The Girl of La Gloria. Putnams. $1.50.
Duckworth, Lawrence. The Law affecting General and Particular Average. London: Effingham Wilson.
Gai Institutions. Translated by Edward Poste. 4th Edition. Revised by E. A. Whittuck. Henry Frowde. 10s. net.
Galton, Francis, and Others. Sociological Papers. Macmillan Co.
Gavit, Helen E. The Etiquette of Correspondence. A. Wessels Co. 50 cents net.
Gospel of Saint John.—Gospel of Saint Matthew in West Saxony. Edited by James W. Bright. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Gwynn, Stephen. Thomas Moore. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
Hammond, L. H. The Master-Word. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Harris, William. Thoughts concerning Omnipotence. London: Rivingtons. 3s. 6d. net.
Hobhouse, L. T. Democracy and Reaction. Putnams. $1.50.
Holland, Robert Afton. The Commonwealth of Man. Putnams. $1.25 net.
Homer's Iliad. Translated by Andrew Lang and Others. New ed. Macmillan Co.
Homer's Odyssey. Translated by Butcher and Lang. New ed. Macmillan Co.
Howison, G. H. The Limits of Evolution. Macmillan Co.
Hyperion: A Facsimile of Keats's Autograph Manuscript. Introduction by Ernest de Sélincourt. Henry Frowde.
Jewish Encyclopedia. Vol. IX. Funk & Wagnalls Co.
John Van Buren, Politician: A Novel. Harpers. $1.50.
Le Poer, John Patrick. A Modern Legionary. Dutton. $1.50.
Loth, Gaston. Le Peuplement Italien. Paris: Armand Colin.
Macquoid, Percy. A History of English Furniture. Vol. I., Part I. Putnams. $2.50 each.

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Montrésor, F. F. The Celestial Surgeon. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Mother-Light, The. Appleton. $1.50.
Palmer, A. Emerson. The New York Public School. Macmillan Co. $1.
Piranesi, Giorgio. Le Case degli Alighieri. 2d ed. Florence: F. Lumachi. 2.50 lire.
Pope, G. U. A Handbook of the Ordinary Dialect of the Tamil Language. Henry Frowde. $1.75 net.
Silberrad, Una L. The Wedding of the Lady of Lovell. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Strang, Herbert. Kobo. Putnams. $1.50.
Trow, Charles E. The Old Shipmasters of Salem. Putnams. $2.50 net.
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